

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1887.

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In another way the honours of the Saints may be said to be in an especial way the work of the Holy Ghost. The Pope does not grant them unless he has been moved to do so by the desires of the faithful. At all stages of the Process of Canonization he is beset with petitions. In this matter it is not felt that thereby undue pressure is brought to bear upon the Supreme Judge to pronounce his sentence. On the contrary without it he does not move; and the reason is that the desires of the faithful for the honour of the Saints, as for so many other things that concern the glory of God, are planted in their hearts by the Holy Ghost. It is God who inspires the wishes that He graciously intends to grant.

But "the Spirit breatheth where He wills." The Divine Spirit is free, and He has His times and His seasons and His laws that are removed beyond our ken. Why these and not others, why at one time and not another, one sooner and one later, one easily and simply, another after a long and most laborious in-

vestigation, no answer can be given but that He is Lord and Master, "dividing to each one as He wills." St. Edmund of Canterbury was canonized in the first year after his death, and St. Osmund of Salisbury after four hundred and seven years. Nearly three hundred and fifty years intervened between the death and the canonization of St. John Nepomucene, and on the other hand, in our own century, St. Alphonsus Liguori was canonized so soon after his death that his nephew was present at the ceremony.

If we may judge a matter so supernatural by human appearances, we should say that it is by a special mercy of Almighty God that our English Martyrs have not been forgotten altogether. In their own time the affection borne to them by English Catholics was of the very keenest. Their relics were sought after and treasured. The narratives of their martyrdoms were carefully preserved. Their names were held in the liveliest veneration. That age passed away, and for the edification of those that were to follow, by a particular favour of God's Providence Bishop Challoner wrote their Memoirs with a painstaking care and an accuracy for which we cannot be too grateful. Challoner's *Missionary Priests* saved the Martyrs from oblivion. Up to a generation or two ago his book was a favourite, especially in our Catholic Colleges. But, alas! some twenty or thirty years ago the grand old book lost its power, and the memory of the Martyrs began quietly to die out. Converted Protestants read the record with astonishment, wondering which was the most surprising, that so many heroes should have given their blood for the Catholic religion in England, or that such striking facts should be so absolutely unknown. By degrees Protestant ignorance of our Catholic Martyrs came to be shared by Catholics themselves, and they too at last heard with surprise that priest after priest and layman after layman had laid down their lives in England for the Catholic Faith. It was but just in time that the effort to begin the process of Canonization was made. The first step in that process is to establish the *fama martyrii*, the local tradition and repute of the martyrdoms. If another generation had passed away without anything being done, it really seems as though the *fama*, the tradition, the repute, would have died out of men's minds. We may well thank God that the neglect and ingratitude and forgetfulness were arrested, and that the English Martyrs

have begun to resume their rightful place in the minds and hearts of English Catholics.

The commencement of the process above spoken of was due to the Cardinal Archbishop, who, in 1874, lent the weight of his authority to save the memory of the Martyrs and to bring their Cause before the Holy See. To this judicial act we will return in a few minutes. Meanwhile it may be interesting for us to see what efforts had been previously made to obtain the Canonization of the martyrs.

The first move received its initial impulse from Rome. The Cardinals, it is not clear of what Sacred Congregation, sent instructions to Richard Smith, Bishop of Chalcedon and Vicar Apostolic of England. He was consecrated to that office in 1625, and the letter he wrote to the Cardinals in fulfilment of his commission is dated May 25, 1628, so that it was at the beginning of his episcopate of more than thirty years. He says that the Cardinals had told him that they were awaiting "with incredible desire" a Catalogue of our Martyrs. He did not go back to the Martyrdoms under Henry VIII., but he contented himself with beginning, as Challoner afterwards began, with those under Elizabeth, and he continued his list down to the year 1618. The Bishop says that he has taken the greatest pains to set no one down in his Catalogue of whose martyrdom any Catholic in England could entertain a doubt. It is not certain whether this list of martyrs, which is of the highest possible value, ever reached Rome, though it seems more probable that it did. Undoubtedly it bore at the time no official fruit, but it is a legacy to us of the highest importance.

Singularly enough, it is to the English Parliament that we owe our information of the next attempt that was made to proceed juridically in the Cause of the Martyrs. The initiative again came from the Holy See. The first beginnings of all processes of Canonization depend on the local Bishops. England yet had for its Vicar Apostolic the Bishop of Chalcedon, who habitually called himself "the Ordinary of England." He was certainly a Bishop with the powers of an Ordinary. But at this time he was living at Paris in exile, very old and infirm, and the Pope looked to another Prelate for this purpose, Francis Van der Burch, Archbishop of Cambray, empowering him to act in the Cause of the English Martyrs as if he were a Bishop in Ordinary in England. The

same powers were given to the Bishops of St. Omers and Ipres, who, however, made no use of them. For some reason or other this action of Pope Urban VIII., and the use that the Archbishop of Cambray made of his powers, seemed so terrible to the English Parliament, that the documents in question were printed by order of Parliament by Husband, Printer to the Parliament, and the date of the publication was December 7, 1643.

On that very day Father Francis Bell, O.S.F. was brought to his trial in London for being a Catholic priest. Whether it helped to his condemnation that he was named in the Parliamentary paper that saw the light on that day is but a surmise. It is, however, remarkable that one of the persons whom the Archbishop of Cambray selected to help him to promote the Cause of the Martyrs, should himself have suffered death by martyrdom as soon as he was chosen.

The manner adopted by Archbishop Van der Burch was to regard England as divided into two parts by the river Trent. For London and the counties south of the Trent he appointed George Gage, D.D., Protonotary Apostolic; Father Thomas Dade, Provincial of the Dominicans; Father Bennet Cox, O.S.B.; and Father Francis Bell, Definitor O.S.F. For York and the northern counties he deputed Mr. Phillips, Confessor to the Queen; Mr. George Catherick, Father Robert Haddock, Provincial of the Benedictines; and Father William Anderton, O.S.F. They were commissioned personally to repair to places where informations were likely to be had and to call before them such persons of credit and integrity as should have knowledge of the sufferings and deaths of the Martyrs, and to take their depositions in writing upon oath, that they might be transmitted by the Archbishop of Cambray to the Apostolic See, "to the end that the said See may ordain and determine of them that which shall be fit to the glory of God."¹ It is not known that anything was done by any of the Commissaries, which perhaps under the circumstances is not surprising.

Next in chronological order comes, as the friend of the Martyrs and indeed the greatest friend they have had, Richard Challoner, Bishop of Debora and Vicar Apostolic of the London District. To him we owe it, as we have said, that our Martyrs

¹ Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, 1742, vol. 2, p. 268. The entire documents will be found in *THE MONTH* for April 1870, in an article called "A Parliamentary Paper of the Seventeenth Century."

have not fallen into oblivion; and it does seem strange that now his book itself, after doing its work splendidly for a century, should be generally neglected. It is quite true that much is now known of which he knew nothing. Two great sources of information that are open to us were closed to him, the State Papers in the Public Record Office, and the documents of the various Roman Archives. Douay College supplied him freely with all it knew, and Alban Butler compiled his chief collection of documents.² He further acknowledges himself indebted to the Society at St. Omers, to the Benedictines and Franciscans, and amongst laymen chiefly to Cuthbert Constable, Esq., whose manuscript collections are now inaccessible. Bishop Challoner is careful and accurate in a very remarkable degree. Still, all human things are liable to error, and in an Article printed in *THE MONTH* in January 1879, the Rev. T. G. Law has shown that Challoner has given one man two places of martyrdom under different names. Challoner's *Missionary Priests* has been translated into Italian, and was published in one volume in 8vo at Prato in 1884.

We come now to our own century. On July 16, 1859, the Fathers of the Third Provincial Council of Westminster, as we learn from the published *Acta*, decreed that "as there is a question of the honour which the Holy See is believed to have permitted to be paid to those who, after the overthrow of the ancient religion in England, shed their blood for the Catholic faith and the primacy of the Holy See, the Bishops of Salford and Liverpool, in whose territory most of the missionaries of those times were born, should make an accurate examination of the question." In writing this paragraph of the *Acta* Bishop Grant showed his usual quickness but not his usual accuracy. It was a simple guess, drawn from a knowledge of modern rather than of ancient England, that most of the Martyrs were born in Lancashire. At any rate, of the 186 Martyrs of the reign of Elizabeth, given in Challoner's first volume, only 14 were natives of that county.

But this is a trifle. A more important matter is the turn of the phrase, "the honour which the Holy See is believed to have permitted to be paid" to the English Martyrs. This was the one view that in those days was taken of the Cause of the Martyrs. The Ordinary Process was regarded as hopelessly

² The documents sent to Challoner by Alban Butler are now at St. Mary's College, Oscott.

difficult and expensive, and the only hope that the friends of the Martyrs entertained was that in some way this Cause might be introduced in virtue of some privilege or concession of the Holy See. To this we will return when we come to describe the course that was taken by the Cardinal Archbishop in 1874.

To the third Provincial Synod is added in the Appendix a collection of extracts from authors of the highest name respecting the English Martyrs. A curious fate befel that paper. As it is printed, it was drawn up by Father Boero, and it consists of twenty quotations, and at the end an account of a reliquary older than 1621, belonging to the Cholmeley family, in which some English Martyrs were associated with Saints and Blessed. The copy that Cardinal Wiseman took to Rome is very much fuller than that printed with the Acts of the Council. Father Boero's paper had been brought to England some years before, and numerous additions had been made to it, chiefly from Papal Briefs, and this fuller copy is that which was sent to the Holy See with the Acts of the Provincial Council. While Cardinal Wiseman was in Rome on that occasion, Father Boero took him his paper, and it was brought to England and printed with the Acts, none of those concerned being aware that the copy actually presented to the Sacred Congregation of Rites was far fuller than that thus printed.

To this document was attached, when it came to be presented to the Sacred Congregation, a petition in the name of the Provincial Council that the Holy See would be pleased to grant to England a Feast of All the Martyrs of England—*Omnium Angliæ Martyrum*—with a proper Mass and Office. As there are many canonized English Martyrs there would have been probably little difficulty in obtaining such a feast, if it had not been for the last lesson of the second nocturn. The two preceding lessons had spoken of St. Alban, St. Elphege, SS. Ursula and her companions, of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and other Saints; but then came "*Nec defuere alii utriusque sexus et omnis cætus qui pro S. Sedis honore sanguinem suum fundere non dubitarunt*"—or words to that effect, with something more of an account of the persecution and the numbers of the martyrs. It is not to be wondered at that the Congregation of Rites met the petition with a simple *Negative*.

Cardinal Wiseman passed away to his rest and his mantle was inherited by the present Cardinal Archbishop. There was no want of good will to the Martyrs before, but the line to be

taken was shown by the past ill success, and we may now well congratulate ourselves on the issue of that change of policy. Let us describe in what that change consisted.

We have seen that the sole thought of the Third Council was to look for some privilege by which the labour and cost of Beatification might be spared. What privilege was there to look to? There were two, only two, but two of the very greatest importance. Only two, for we must not reckon as such the concession of Pope Paul V. permitting the Colleges from which the Missionaries went forth, to sing a Mass of Thanksgiving when the news of a martyrdom was received, with the grant of a Plenary Indulgence to all who should assist at it. The Pope expressly ordered that the word *martyr* or *martyrdom* should not be used; and the concession, cheering as it must have been to those whose hearts exulted at the thought that their College had one martyr more, was in itself no help whatever to obtaining for that martyr the honours of the altars.

But there were two privileges of a very important kind, the bearing of which on our Martyrs' Cause we must now examine. The first of these, and to all appearance the most important, was the permission of Pope Gregory XIII., that failing the relics of ancient martyrs for the consecration of altars, relics of our English martyrs might be used for that purpose. The sole authority for this permission is Diego Yopez, Bishop of Tarazona, who says that the leave was granted in 1582. Search has been made everywhere in Rome where a record of such a permission might be expected, at the Inquisition, the Congregation of Rites, and elsewhere, but without success. It may be doubted whether in a matter of such supreme importance, the statement of a single writer, however trustworthy, would be accounted proof sufficient. In all probability the permission in question was granted by word of mouth—*viva vocis oraculo*.

But even if the permission of Gregory XIII. were recognized as authentic, we should practically be at the beginning and not at the end of our labour. It would be for us to show that the martyr, for whom we are claiming this concession as a short cut to the Church's honours, was really one of those to whom the concession applied. In fact, we should be involved in what would look much like a vicious circle: those may be honoured as martyrs to whom the concession applies, and the concession applies to those who were really martyrs. When we have proved the martyrs to be martyrs we shall have

leave to honour them as martyrs, without calling into Court the privilege respecting the use of their relics. Of course if an altar stone were forthcoming which could be proved to contain the relics of any one of our Martyrs, the discovery would make all the difference to the Cause of that particular Martyr, and this is just what Father Boero bids us look for, in his note printed in the 3rd Provincial Council on the relevancy of the documents adduced. But in the ancient days, when priests had power to consecrate altar stones, they were permitted to do so without using any relics at all, and of altar stones, coming down from the times of persecution, there were certainly more without relics than with them. And even if, in one or two instances, the relics of English Martyrs were used, by what means could these altar stones be recognized at the present day, as there never is any external mark to indicate what relics have been employed in the consecration. Beautiful and promising as this privilege looks, it must be confessed that it is difficult to make it expedite the Cause of the Martyrs.

The other privilege which looks at first sight far less to our purpose, has of late proved to be of inestimable value. George Gilbert, the munificent friend of Father Persons and Father Campion, paid the cost of pictures of the Martyrs of England, painted by Circiniani on the walls of the Church of the English College in Rome. The majority are those of canonized Saints, but nine pictures out of the whole number of thirty-six represent Fisher, More, and other modern martyrs down to the year 1583. Father Boero, in his note in the Synodical Paper, says that he supposes that these must be proved by historical writers. Fortunately an easier method of proof exists. In 1584 Cavalieri published in Rome prints of these pictures *cum privilegio Gregorii XIII. Pont. Max.* These pictures have done service to the cause of the Martyrs that good George Gilbert, who paid for them, little dreamed of. To this we will shortly recur.

In 1871 it was not thought that these pictures were of great importance. We in England are not perhaps apt to look on paintings on our church walls or in our stained glass windows as necessarily indicating ecclesiastical veneration; yet from this very point of view a Vicar Apostolic in Scotland applied to the Sacred Congregation of Rites to know whether pictures of various English Martyrs in the windows of a church under his jurisdiction could be permitted, and he was answered that it was unlawful,—that is to say that it was a mark of *cultus*.

In any case, in 1871 it was understood that if any progress was to be made in the Cause of the Martyrs, it must be by beginning the long and laborious process of canonization at the very beginning without looking any more for privilege or exceptional favour. The determination was a happy one, and the unexpected importance recently given to the Roman pictures has in no way disproved the wisdom of that resolution. The pictures can hardly affect more than one-seventh of the total number of our martyrs, as they do not come later than the year 1583, and even for that seventh, Introduction of the Cause in the ordinary manner is what Benedict XIV. prescribes.

In 1871 one more petition was made to Rome, and it was as unsuccessful as its predecessors. In the Cause of the Corean Martyrs the Pope had admitted letters from Vicars Apostolic to take the place of the Ordinary Process compiled by Episcopal authority, and he was asked in our case to admit the Catalogue of the Bishop of Chalcedon and Bishop Challoner's *Missionary Priests* in the same capacity. On June 10, 1872, the Congregation of Rites discussed the point. But first the *dubium* was proposed whether under present circumstances it was desirable to move this question. To this it gave answer *Dilata, et ad mentem*. In other words, it postponed its reply until the English Bishops should state their opinion whether any offence would be given to the English Government and people, or whether any harm could be done by proceeding with the Cause. The answer to this question was sent by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop on the 11th of November of that year, and this letter was taken into consideration by the Sacred Congregation on April 16, 1873. To the petition that the documents of the two Vicars Apostolic might be taken as Ordinary Processes, the answer given in June, 1872, was that it was inexpedient—*non expedire*—and in April, 1873, the Cardinal Archbishop was recommended to use his ordinary jurisdiction and compile the Process according to the strict forms of Canon Law. What had been shrunk from, not without reason, for so many years, was to be faced and carried out at last, or the honours of the martyrs would have to be abandoned.

It was indeed a tremendous undertaking, and it may be said here at the outset, that if the Fathers of the London Oratory had not lent themselves to it heart and soul, it could hardly have been carried out, however imperfectly. As it was, the work was so well and completely done that the Promotor of the Faith, the

Roman official whose business it was to find fault with it, says that "in everything relating to the examination of the sixteen witnesses who gave evidence, not only all was observed that the Common Law requires, but all that the more minute and exact laws of our tribunal require." Let any one carefully examine what Benedict XIV. lays down, or let him look through one of the handbooks that have been written for the guidance of Church Courts in these circumstances, and he will see at once that a very remarkable degree of diligence and care was wanted to earn such praise. That diligence and that care was bestowed, and that praise was earned, chiefly by the late Father Francis Knox, of the London Oratory, himself a good theologian, a good canonist, and a good historian, to whom the great labour that fell upon him in the Martyrs' behalf was a labour of love.

The Church's manner of investigating the virtues of a Confessor or of establishing the fact of a martyrdom is a judicial process, just as if she were examining the validity of a marriage or trying an accused person for a canonical offence. For this a Court must be formed, the essential parts of which are, first a judge or judges, secondly the notary, and thirdly the promotor. If the Bishop himself sits as judge, he needs no assessor; his Vicar-General has one delegated judge to assist him; and if neither the Bishop nor his Vicar-General sit as judges, then three ecclesiastics are deputed by the Bishop for that purpose. In our case the judges were Father Stanton of the London Oratory, Father Bagshawe, then also of the London Oratory, now Bishop of Nottingham, and the Rev. Edmund Surmont, D.D., of St. Thomas's Seminary. The Promotor in all suits is the official whose business it is to see that the law of the Church is heard and respected. In matrimonial cases he is the *Promotor matrimoniorum*, to defend the validity of the marriage: in criminal cases he is the Promotor Fiscal; in the causes of the Saints he represents the great Roman official, who is vulgarly called the Devil's Advocate, rightly the Promotor of the Faith. In the Episcopal Court the work is done by a Subpromotor of the Faith, who in our case was the Rev. Joseph Redman, D.D., then of Harrow, since of Brentford. Father Knox was the Notary of the Court, upon whom the brunt of the labour fell. Every word that each witness said was written down by him, and every occurrence however slight was recorded. There has to be besides an inferior official of the Court, called the Cursor,

whose business it is to summon each witness in due form, and to certify the Court that he has been duly summoned.

The witnesses are in the main selected by the Postulator, but it is usual that when the witnesses proposed by the Postulator have been heard, the Court should itself call two or three, who are called *ex officio* witnesses. In our Martyrs' case I was the Postulator. Sixteen witnesses were examined, amongst whom I remember were the Duke of Norfolk, the late Lord Petre, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Bishop Hedley, Canon O'Toole, Father Stevenson, Brother Foley, Mr. David Lewis; and, if I remember rightly, the *ex officio* witnesses were Bishop Weathers and Provost Hunt—altogether, as the Promotor of the Faith said of them, they were *testes omni exceptione majores*.

I remember being greatly amused with the case of one witness who did not appear. The late Sir George Bowyer had been summoned, and, as I knew, he wished to give evidence respecting the Knights of Malta who were martyred under Henry VIII. When his name was called as the next witness, I had to read to the Court a note he had written to me to say that the time did not suit him. The Court decreed that he be discharged of his attendance and the next witness be called; and, much to his chagrin, Sir George was not examined, as he had hoped to have been. The old civil lawyer had forgotten that he was dealing with a Court that was not going to allow itself to be trifled with, and that had the power of punishing contumacy with excommunication.

The Process was opened in the Domestic Chapel of the Cardinal Archbishop on June 19, 1874. Frequent Sessions were held in the Little Oratory between that day and the 15th of August; then they were suspended for the copying of the Depositions, and resumed and completed in September. The last Session, like the first, was held in the Archbishop's Chapel, and the late Lord Henry Kerr was sworn to convey to the Sacred Congregation of Rites the duly collated copy of the original acts, which latter were deposited in the Archives of the See of Westminster. They constituted two thick folio volumes of manuscript.

Witnesses in a Church Court are examined on written interrogatories, which are kept sealed up excepting just during the time while the witness is under examination. The obligation of secrecy as to what he has been asked or has answered is imposed upon each witness, and this lasts until the publication

of the Process at the end, when every word that has been recorded is read aloud, which reading serves also for the verification of the copy intended for Rome. The Postulator introduces each witness, but is absent whilst his evidence is being given.

To the Process was attached a considerable number of documents, which are technically said to be *compulsed*. The first was a copy of the original indictments, given in our English law Latin, of Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and some of the Carthusian Fathers. Then came a transcript of Maurice Chauncy's account of the Carthusian martyrdoms, and to these were added many other valuable historical documents, all properly authenticated.

This Process, then, the result of some months of hard work, was duly carried to Rome by Lord Henry Kerr and deposited with the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It was there opened with the requisite formalities. Our hope was that, at no great interval of time, the case might be ready for hearing; and a petition was presented to the Pope, and was granted by him, that we might be dispensed from the law requiring ten years to elapse between the presentation of the Ordinary Process to the Congregation of Rites and the proposal in the Congregation of the Introduction of the Cause. But Rome moves slowly, and we could make no use of this Rescript. Twelve years have passed, and the law was more than kept.

The first thing that happened to our Process was that the translation of the English evidence, which we had sent with it, was rejected, and an entirely new translation of the whole was made in Rome. The Process was, when this was completed, put into the hands of our lawyers, the *Avvocati Alibrandi* and *Lugari*, whose business it was to arrange all the matter contained in the depositions of the witnesses and in the documents, in the shape in which it should be put before the Sacred Congregation. The great number of the martyrs and the mass of the matter to be handled, made this a long proceeding. This had all to be printed, and there was a fresh cause of delay even in the manner of the printing, for His Holiness had established a private printing press for his own use in the Vatican Palace, and in order to lessen the weight of its expenses, he ordered that all documents in the Causes of Beatification and Canonization should be printed at that press only. It is needless to say that they were taken in hand only when the press

wanted "copy." At length two large folio volumes were ready, and constituted our statement of the case. These were now placed in the hands of Mgr. Caprara, the Promotor of the Faith, and they seemed to our longing eyes to disappear. We waited long, but it must be acknowledged that we did not wait in vain. If Roman officials seem to do their work leisurely, no one can blame them for not doing it effectually. The Promotor's printed *Disquisitio* contains a careful examination, not only of the Process and the documents in general, but of each particular case proposed. The result of it was that of the 353 names in the list attached to the Process, he assented to the introduction of 277. There were thus 76 to whom he made objections. These objections were answered by our lawyers, and with such success that in his rejoinder—called *Additio ad Disquisitionem*—the Promotor of the Faith withdrew his objections to 32, raising the number of unopposed names to 309. There remain 43 cases to which he continued to object, and the single case of Father Henry Garnet in which he held himself neutral. The 43 names still officially objected to, are those of Martyrs who died in prison, and the ground of the objection is generally that, though they died *in* prison, it had not been proved that their death was caused *by* the hardships of the prison. To this the Advocates of the Martyrs have no official right of reply, but an answer was printed by them, called *Memoriale ex gratia legendum*.

It will be seen that the Cause of the Martyrs is not carried through *in globo*, in general terms, but that the names of the Martyrs are all given. It could not be otherwise. The Church could not canonize "the English Martyrs" in general without specifying who they are, and the Decree introducing their Cause, which we are now anxiously expecting, will rehearse the names of all those whose Cause is introduced and who will thereby be entitled to be called "the Venerable Servants of God."

As we write, the information reaches us that the Sacred Congregation,³ in its sitting on the 4th instant, has decided the case in accordance throughout with the views of the Promotor of the Faith. This involves two different judgments, one relating

³ The Congregation consisted of their Eminences Cardinal Bartolini, *Prefect*, Oreglia di S. Stefano, Serafini, Parocchi and Zigliara, and four Prelates, Monsignori Nussi, Salvati, Caprara and Lauri. The last two are respectively Promotor and Subpromotor of the Faith. The Congregation is called a "Particular Congregation of Sacred Rites," as it was specially named from the Cardinals composing that Sacred Congregation by the Holy Father. The Cardinal Prefect has been so good as to take it on himself to be the *Ponente* or Relator of our Cause.

to the earlier martyrs, and the other to those of later date. These judgments will be embodied in a Decree, which may possibly reach us before we go to press. As to the total number of Martyrs whom that Decree will mention, we may say roughly that we shall have, besides Cardinal Fisher who leads the way and Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, who closes the line, the 18 Carthusians and others who were martyred under Henry VIII.; and then, under Elizabeth and her successor, 26 Jesuits, 13 Franciscans, 11 Benedictines (not including in either case, as we have said, the Martyrs of these two illustrious Orders under Henry VIII.), about 80 laymen, and the glorious number of 144 secular priests who died on the scaffold. What Church in Christendom can show such a roll of Martyrs as this wonderful list of 144 secular priests, hanged, drawn, and quartered for the Faith?

One honoured name is not included in the present Process, that of Father John Ogilvie, S.J., who suffered martyrdom at Glasgow in 1615. In the first place no martyrs are included in our Process who did not die in England. But there is a still better reason for the omission of Father Ogilvie's name. All that this Process can do is to make the Martyrs subsequent to 1583 Venerable Servants of God. Father Ogilvie is that already. On May 5, 1629, the Congregation of Rites issued Remissorial Letters in Father Ogilvie's case, and as this proceeding follows the Introduction of a Cause, Father Ogilvie's Cause was equivalently introduced, prior to Urban VIII.'s strict laws on the subject.

A few words more to explain exactly what the precise force is of that portion of the Decree that will concern the greater number of the martyrs, and what the Cardinal Archbishop's Ordinary Process was intended to establish. It was not our business in the Ordinary Process to prove that the Martyrs were really Martyrs or that any one miracle in particular had taken place. All that we had to show was that a *Fama* existed, a general and widespread conviction among Catholics that they were Martyrs, and that some signs or miracles had been wrought by them. It was simply a *prima facie* case that had to be established. Its parallel in English law is not the verdict of the petty jury, that settles whether the fact was so or not, but the true bill of the grand jury, which only finds that there is a case for trial.

And the Decree of the Sacred Congregation that was held on the 4th of December, for the later Martyrs, will go no further

than this. The tribunal is practically asked with regard to them only this question, whether the trial in the Archbishop's Court has established that there is sufficient substance in the Cause to make it worth the Pope's while to reserve it to himself. This is the effect of "signing the Commission," which the Pope does with his own hand. This act takes the Cause away from the jurisdiction of all Ordinaries, and reserves the entire future proceedings to the Holy See. What follows is the issue of Remissorial Letters, and the formation of the Apostolic Process in preparation for Beatification, in which everything is done by the Pope's authority, and the question to be so tried will not be the preliminary one of public repute and *prima facie* evidence, but the essential question whether these Venerable Servants of God were really Martyrs or no. The Promotor of the Faith keeps this distinction of the object of the Processes before him in the votes he now gives, for there are cases in which he says that he considers the evidence alleged quite sufficient for this stage of the proceedings, and he therefore withdraws his opposition to the Introduction of the Cause, but that when we are concerned with proving the Martyrdom with a view to Beatification, he will have other objections to make. This is as it should be. The "Devil's Advocate" is a sad misnomer for the official, through whose objections it comes that the Defenders of the Saints are obliged to exert themselves and leave no portion of their work undone.

It must be remembered, and this is extremely important, that the title of "Venerable" and the signing of the Commission do not authorize any ecclesiastical veneration being bestowed on the Martyrs. A Process will have to be made called *De non cultu*, the object of which is to show that we have been obedient to the decrees of Urban VIII., and have given no public honours without permission of the Holy See. Such of our Martyrs as become "Venerable" must be invoked by us in private and not in public, until we are authorized by the Pope to treat them with the honours that are accorded by the Church to those whom she has styled "Blessed."

We have been speaking of the later Martyrs, those that is whose martyrdom dates after 1583. For those before that date we have something better to say. It will be remembered that we have mentioned two privileges that might be claimed as exempting our Martyrs from the full process of Beatification. The first we have said will not help us much, that is the leave to

use the Martyrs' relics in the consecration of altars, because we cannot establish who those Martyrs are to whom that leave would apply. But the other privilege has suddenly risen to paramount importance. The happy thought occurred to Mgr. O'Callaghan, the Rector of the English College in Rome, who is joint Postulator with Father Torquato Armellini, S.J.,⁴ of our Martyrs' Cause, to take to Mgr. Promotore the book of engravings of the old pictures that of old existed in the Church of the English College at Rome. The Promotor of the Faith held these engravings as proofs of an ecclesiastical veneration accorded to the earlier Martyrs by Pope Gregory XIII. This he expressed in full in his *Additio ad Disquisitionem*, and thus those earlier Martyrs,⁵ those prior to 1583, have been accepted by the Sacred Congregation, and we may hope to see them honoured by a Feast-day and Mass at no very distant period of time. This includes Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, the Carthusians, Friar Forest, O.S.F., the Benedictine Abbots and monks, several other Martyrs under Henry VIII., seven of whom were not included in the Ordinary Process, and of Elizabeth's time twenty-four martyrs in all, mostly secular priests, of whom three, perhaps four, belong to the Society. These we shall be authorized by the Decree to honour as "Blessed." The Decree will give to 61 Martyrs the title of Blessed, and to 255 that of Venerable. 44 have been postponed as not yet sufficiently proved. In all 316 have been accepted by the Sacred Congregation, that is to say, the 309 to whom, as we have already said, the Promotor of the Faith made ultimately no objection, together with 7 others, who were not included in the Process but whose names he has taken from the pictures in the church of the English College.

Such, then, are our prospects. The Martyrs included in the Decree of Introduction will be divided into two classes, those to whom this privilege applies—the 61 called Blessed—and the others who will proceed to Beatification by the usual judicial process—the 255 Venerable Servants of God. But they will have to meet again before long. Those to whom veneration is given by indult, will, it is true, never require solemn Beatifica-

⁴ To Father Armellini we owe a great debt of gratitude for the pains taken by him in instructing the lawyers and furnishing them with their materials.

⁵ All the Martyrs of Henry VIII.'s time who were included in the Process are not found in the pictures on the Church walls. Thus thirteen of the Martyrs who date before 1583 will be among the Venerables in the forthcoming Decree, including the three Knights of Malta.

tion. The concession of the Holy See is called "equivalent" or "equipollent Beatification." But before Canonization as much will have had to be juridically established for them, as for their brethren who will have been duly Beatified. According to Benedict XIV. the honours paid to them will not do away with the necessity of proving the reality of their Martyrdom, and by a law that did not exist before Benedict XIV. was Pope, four miracles wrought *after the forthcoming Decree* must be proved for them, while for their brethren who pass through the usual process, two miracles must be proved for their Beatification, and two others subsequently wrought, for their Canonization.

With this matter of miracles we will draw to a close our remarks on the Process of the Martyrs. Let it be borne in mind that Father Arrowsmith's miracles will help Father Arrowsmith's Cause only, and Father Postgate's in like manner only his own Cause. The miracles that will be wanted to carry through the whole Cause of the English Martyrs and to give the Divine ratification to their martyrdoms, must be wrought at their *united* invocation. We beg our devout readers to bear this in mind when they are making their Novenas, and asking for heavenly favours. Their petitions, private petitions we need hardly say, if the Venerable Servants of God are to be included, must be addressed to the English Martyrs in general. That those petitions will not be wanting, and again, that they will not be ineffectual, we are profoundly convinced. English people are very slow to move. To get them to precede the voice of authority is all but impossible. That authority has not hitherto openly spoken in behalf of the Martyrs, is, we are convinced, the true reason why we English Catholics have seemed to be ungrateful enough to forget our Martyrs. But now that it is seen that Rome recognizes something substantial in the Cause of our English Martyrs, and even places some sixty of them without delay on the altars; now that the Holy See shows its interest in the grand cloud of witnesses that sealed with their blood their obedience to Rome and their faith in the Vicar of Christ, English Catholics will turn to them with loving and affectionate confidence, and neither miracles nor anything else will in the future be found wanting amongst us that is necessary for their Canonization.

JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

Some Wayside Problems.

IT is much the fashion now-a-days to assume that science has spoken the last word on the subject of life and its developments. He that would not be considered a mere Philistine must profess to hold the great creed of Evolution, and must do so, not because he himself understands the proofs on which it is supposed to rest, but because it has been worked out by experts in laboratories and dissecting-rooms, because it comes to him on the authority of men better than himself, men who can talk familiarly of cellular tissues and protoplasm, of ganglia and nerve centres, of the supra-condyloid-foramen and the Hippocampus major.

And the creed which comes to us thus authenticated is this. That in the struggle for life, ceaselessly going on upon the earth, those qualities or habits or attributes are perpetuated and developed which enable their possessor to survive, while others perish, so that not only do we see in the creatures now existing the "winners in life's race," but we also learn from examination of their constitutions, manners, customs, and tastes, what it was that enabled them to win. Here, we are told, is the explanation of all we see. The squirrels in our oak woods have survived to be there because they could crack nuts impervious to their rivals. The acorns are there, and therefore the oak-trees too, because these nuts baffled enemies to which other nuts yielded. If crows are black and flamingoes are scarlet, it is only because these uniforms enabled their several ancestors to march respectively more triumphantly to victory. Nightingales sing because the practice has proved useful to nightingales, and strawberries develop their misnamed fruit because in commercial phrase the article has been a paying one. Nay, more than this; the ideas which we are apt to consider the most deeply rooted in our own nature are but evidences of what has helped to pull our own forefathers through their primeval difficulties. What we call the true, the good, or the beautiful, is but what

has proved advantageous in the long run towards winning the aforesaid race. If men agree to stamp dishonesty as bad, it is because in a very strict sense honesty has been the best policy, and if we instinctively admire the hue of a rose, a glacier, or a rainbow, it is because a keen eye for such colours was once upon a time a useful thing to have, when fruits so tinted formed the food of our distant kindred.

The last-mentioned articles of the evolutionary creed are held, it is true, or at least are preached, only by the more extreme of its disciples: still preached they are, and they should not therefore be omitted from a review of its features. At present, however, my business is not with them. The relation between evolution and the soul of man is a subject too vast to be treated conjointly with any other, and I am just now concerned with the more primary and simpler question as to how far the doctrine so incessantly and so confidently propounded is to be admitted by us as proved in regard of the external world of which our senses tell us.

In approaching this inquiry, there are two points which I hold to be clear, though one of them at least may not generally be much regarded. Firstly, the evolutionary doctrine is after all but a theory—and like other theories should be judged by its accordance or non-accordance with facts. And it must fit *all* facts. It is not sufficient that of some here and some there it should seem to afford a plausible explanation; nor on the strength of its so sufficing may we assume that in other cases where no such explanation is forthcoming it nevertheless exists. We are dealing with that which claims to be the key to unlock all the riddles of nature, and every riddle which it can make no attempt to unlock is a stronger argument against it, than those which it seems to fit are for it, since there may obviously be more explanations than one of the same phenomenon. At least until an overwhelming majority of observed facts declares unmistakably for the theory it is hardly scientific to adopt it as a basis of argument and to call it even "a working theory."

Secondly, the facts which demand consideration are not those only which present themselves to the initiated few. It is not needful that a man should know how to work with a microscope or a scalpel in order to be capable of doing at least something towards the formation of his own opinions. As I have said, all the facts of nature have a bearing on the question under consideration, and every wood and heath and hedgerow

presents facts enough and to spare for the study of any one who will use instruments no more recondite than his own eyes and brains.

Any one who will do so will not improbably come speedily to the conclusion that things are not, to say the least of it, so plain and obvious as the books and lectures of his would-be teachers might incline him to suppose. No doubt with some of the facts of nature the evolutionary hypothesis does seem to square well enough, as a plausible or possible explanation. But amidst the endless multitude of phenomena which meet us at every turn, what proportion suggest such an explanation or even seem to admit it? Is it not possible that those who are interested in the theory set too much store by the instances which favour their pet doctrine, and too little by all besides? Is it not at least the more scientific course to go to nature oneself and ask oneself such questions in her presence?

We certainly shall not have far to go for cases in which the accepted scientific account is not too obvious. Is it, for example, quite evident that moths have in the long run benefited by their inveterate habit of flying into candles? Or that it has been a good thing for linnets and salmon to be so fascinated by a light as to make possible the operations of bat-fowling and "burning the water?" Might not May-flies and spinners have discovered a method of depositing their eggs in water without the preliminary evolutions on its surface which are so convenient for the trout? Have wheatears been proved to be any the better for their propensity to drop into the first hollow they come across, a propensity on which the shepherds of the southern downs trade so largely? Have wild ducks any substantial advantage to show for that readiness of theirs to follow a red dog which leads them in hundreds into the decoys of the Fens? Or have sheep improved their position in the world by the practice of huddling together at the sight of a dog and impotently stamping? When a blackbird flies screaming out of a bush, does he do himself any particular good to compensate the guidance he thereby affords to the searcher for his nest? Though it may probably be a valuable assistance to the hen nightingale that her mate should sing to her when sitting on her eggs in spring, does the same explanation equally apply to the autumn song of the robin? Is it so very certain that the strawberry has been signally aided in the struggle for life by its edible fruit, seeing that its cousins the potentillas

have thriven even better without one? How has the little celandine found a return for the cost lavished on its blossom, which scarcely ever performs the proper work of a blossom by producing seeds?

These are a few specimens, taken at random, from among the multitude which thrust themselves upon the notice of any one who gives any attention to the facts of nature. And any explanation of the methods of nature which claims to be accepted as final must easily fit itself to such. All I am at present concerned to argue is that as yet we are not in possession of any account so obviously satisfactory as to justify us in dogmatizing or in pluming ourselves on having attained the felicity promised to him, *qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*.

And even in those instances which the champions of the evolutionary dogma cite on its behalf, may it not sometimes be that the explanations offered are more apparent than real? To take, for example, the case of the acorns. They, we are told, have survived because they by their increasing hardness beat off various tribes of enemies that had lived by opening them; something in the same fashion that ironclad ships have lived down the ordnance of the days of Nelson. But, firstly, would not a small development of poison in their kernel, of strychnine or prussic acid, have proved more easily effectual than a great deal of external armour? And might we not therefore most naturally have expected all threatened fruits of this sort to have by this time become deadly? And, secondly, is it quite certain that acorns have really benefited by having killed off all other enemies but squirrels, if squirrels remain? It is not the number of species but of individuals that is important, and there may easily be as many individual squirrels in the woods now as there were individual acorn-eating animals fifty centuries ago, though recruited from a dozen different tribes.

It is, I hold, a wholesome and useful practice to check the dicta of books in such fashion as this by observation of facts and by independent reasoning upon them. It is far more scientific thus to use one's own means of knowledge, however limited, than to resign oneself helplessly into the hands of a teacher however eminent. And assuredly, as I have said, though limited the means of knowledge presented to all who will use them are ample enough, and increase with the using. It is my present object to point out a few common and easily verified examples.

In the first place, let us take the case of our common twining plants. As is well known of those plants which avail themselves of strength other than their own to raise them upwards, some, as the vine, the pea, and the clematis, make use of tendrils wherewith to clutch the support of which they take advantage. Others, like the ivy, develop for the same purpose what are called aerial roots. Others again, as the convolvulus, the honeysuckle, and the hop, being furnished with instruments of neither sort, mount by twining, like snakes, with their whole growth round and round their prop. It is quite conceivable that this habit has been a benefit to them, or any habit which helps them upwards towards the light and air, *quo cuncta gignentium natura fert*. But is it equally comprehensible that it should make any serious difference to a plant whether it turns to the right or to the left?¹ Yet each species adopts one course or the other, and



Convolvulus on lavender.



Hop on grass-stalk.

¹ These terms are, if unexplained, in danger of being highly ambiguous. Indeed, it is said to be a sure method of starting a conversation in any company to turn some object round and round one way, and ask whether it is turning to the right or to the left. Should this by some chance fail to produce the desired effect, all present agreeing, it is only necessary to inquire further *why* such motion should be so described, and discord must inevitably follow. It is indeed curious to note how hard it is to describe an absolute difference in relative terms such as these, and how widely different modes of reasoning will commend themselves to different minds. Take, for example, the case of a plant twining like the thread of an ordinary corkscrew. Should it be said to twine to the right or to the left? To the right, says one, because

Keeps to it pertinaciously. The convolvulus and the scarlet runner, for example, always go to the right. The honeysuckle, the hop, the tamus, the climbing persicaria, always to the left. It is useless to attempt to make them reverse their practice. They will untwine and fall from their support rather than do so. Is it not, I repeat, a little difficult to understand what particular advantage they have gained by such pertinacity? It will perhaps be said that the first plant of each species which developed the twining faculty adopted that mode of twining which has been perpetuated in its descendants. But such an explanation does but land us in a region of mystery lower still than that from which it seeks to extricate us. It would mean that all individual convolvulus plants, for instance, are descended from one original progenitor. Yet this is precisely what evolutionists, when arguing against the fixity of species, assume to be impossible. The idea which they are never weary of inculcating is that like circumstances have in countless different instances produced like results, different individuals of one form being forced by their surroundings into another. But can the circumstances have been so absolutely identical as this? And it must not be forgotten, keeping still to the instance I have taken, that there are a multitude of species of convolvulus differing widely in many respects, but agreeing in their mode of turning. Does the evolutionary hypothesis afford any very satisfactory mode of accounting for such agreement coupled with such difference?

This topic suggests another remark in confirmation of my contention that there is a large field for the most ordinary observer to work in. One of the few books in which I have found any notice of this singular feature in the habits of such plants, after enumerating examples of those which adopt a determined course, goes on to say, that others vary their practice, some individuals of the species twining one way and some the other, and as an instance of this cites the bittersweet, or woody nightshade.² Now, its course is the same as that of a boy swarming up a pole, and always following his right hand. To the left, says another, for it is like a spiral staircase, in mounting which one must turn on his left. To the right, says a third, because looking at it from without the part nearest the eye goes upward to the right. To the left, argues a fourth, for fancy yourself to be the prop in the middle, and the plant will cross your breast towards the left. These various explanations are in fact found in print. As it seems impossible to settle such a question on its merits, it will be convenient to define the sense in which the terms are used here. If a man clasping a tree-trunk preparatory to climbing were suddenly, after the manner of a *Daphne*, to be changed to a plant, his arms becoming twining shoots, his right arm would be said to twine to the right and his left to the left.

² *Solanum dulcamara*.

if true, this is singular, so singular as to deserve verification. Luckily the bittersweet is a common enough plant, and a very short hunt down a hedgerow any time in summer will suffice for the discovery of its purple and orange blossoms, in form so like the flowers of the potato as at once to mark their relationship. In autumn its brilliant red berries will be still more conspicuous. A very brief examination will show that the plant cannot properly be said to twine at all, not at least in the same sense as those already named. It straggles and clambers up through a bush, elbowing itself up chiefly by means of its leaves, which do the work of exceedingly rude tendrils, the upper leaves being furnished with ears at the base to facilitate the process. But in particular it will be observed that though the stem, more from force of circumstances than from any natural instinct of its own, does occasionally make a coil round some object, it has no sort of attachment to one or the other direction. It is not that some

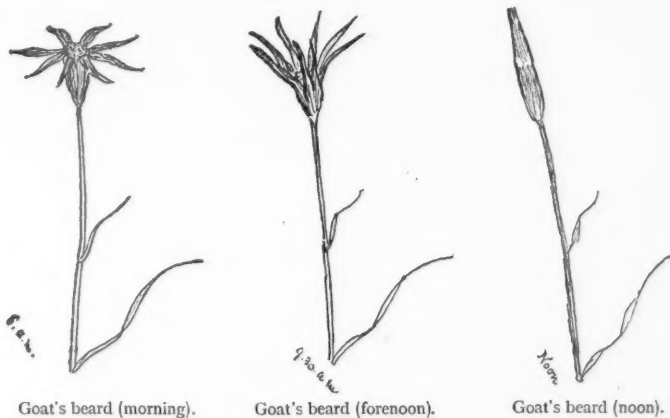


Bittersweet twining on itself.

plants go one way and some the other, the same shoot of the same plant will occasionally do both. This fact, though of no particular value for the general purpose of my remarks, is yet valuable as showing the need there is for individual observation even of those facts which would seem to be the best attested.³

³ With regard to the plants which truly twine it has been suggested that their course may have some relation to the motion of the sun. It would be interesting to know how they behave in the southern hemisphere where, according to this idea, their motions should be reversed.

Another matter which suggests difficulties of a similar kind is the practice of most flowers to close at night. It is said that to be open during the day is a clear advantage, because then insects are astir which help to fertilize them, and so to propagate their race; and that to be shut at night is equally advantageous as preventing rain or dew from spoiling the delicate machinery of stamens and pistil. So far so good. But what of plants which close just at the time when, according to this theory, it would be best to be open. A notable instance of this is the goat's beard,⁴ known from its practice in this respect as "Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon." This flower, one of the multitudinous tribe



which many compendiously set down as "dandelions," is wide open in the early morning. By the time that the sun is half way to the meridian it has begun to put up its shutters, as if to warn intending visitors that its business hours are over, and by twelve o'clock it is fast shut, just when the insect world is appearing in fullest force. Yet notwithstanding its go-to-bed habits the somnolent plant seems to get on in the world quite as well as most of its more wakeful and harder working neighbours. It ripens its fruit in abundance, and is very tolerably plentiful through the length and breadth of the land. Paying no attention to the law which we are told to regard as governing plant life, and exhibiting no sign of suffering for its negligence, it certainly suggests a query as to whether the said law be absolutely established.

⁴ *Tragopogon pratensis*.

If the goat's beard contradicts the law in one way, the globe flower,⁵ also a fairly common species, does so in another. The



Globe flower.

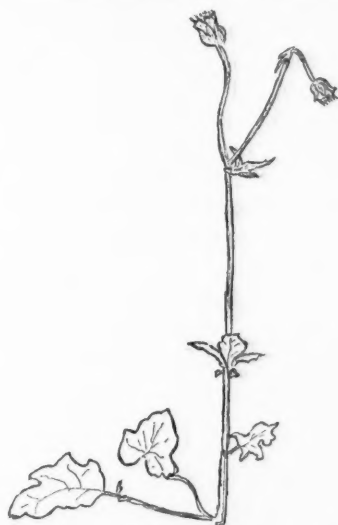
former shuts itself up at noonday, the latter never opens at all. Instead of regarding insects as the most precious of all visitors, to be allured at any price, that in their comings and goings they may carry pollen to and fro and secure cross fertilization, the globe flower constructs with its petals a covering, something after the manner of a Roman *testudo*, which so effectually shuts in its stamen and pistils as to make it morally impossible for anything but self-fertilization to take place. So grievous an offender against vegetable economics ought assuredly to come to speedy ruin, yet in its favourite soils it flourishes exceedingly, and up the moist valley of many a Highland stream its flowers are thick as are buttercups elsewhere.

So much for instances wherein the laws which we are told govern development seem to be ignored, or even contradicted. There are other cases in which the processes of change from one form to another exhibit themselves as considerably different from what we are told to expect. In theory the processes should be exceedingly slow. An animal, or plant, so to say, gropes its way in the dark towards a better form. A flower, for example, produces seeds, and the seedlings which grow therefrom are none of them the exact facsimile of the parent, nor of one

⁵ *Trollius Europaeus.*

another, but differ, infinitesimally it may be, in various particulars. Those whose differences are in a profitable direction are the most likely to survive, and from them will spring others in which the useful features are developed still further, and so on in ever succeeding generations. It is the external circumstances which rule the changes of growth, not any motive force internal to the plant itself. Yet here again it is not hard to find tongues in trees which seem to tell a very different story.

There is a plant exceedingly abundant in spring⁶ beside water or in the damp places of woods, known in botanical English as the water avens,⁷ or more popularly as the herb bennet. Bearing



Herb bennet.

a very dusky and inconspicuous flower, it is likely to escape common notice, though mediæval architects were so smitten with the form of its leaves as to model on them much of their foliage. It was they who bestowed on the plant the title of *herba benedicta*,⁸ whence herb bennet is contracted. It is a little singular that a plant thus selected for purposes of ornament

⁶ As this sheet is going through the press a specimen of this plant is in flower, one of the most remarkable examples which have been recorded to attest the mildness of the present autumn. The date of observation was the 8th of November.

⁷ *Geum rivale*.

⁸ The conventionalized forms of the *herba benedicta* are a main characteristic of the mouldings of York Minster.

should seem to have a decided taste for self-beautification. Its common form, as has been said, is not striking to the common eye. But among plants of the ordinary type there are sure to be found some which altogether change their habit of growth, and do so not in the tentative and gradual fashion which evolutionists describe, but with surprising thoroughness.

The common plants bear the drooping flowers of dusky red or purple hue, almost brown. On the stem are three or four leaves of unequal size, and three other leaves springing from the root down below. These various appendages are the raw material to which the plant is confined for its purposes of adornment, and it uses them thus. In place of two flowers on each stalk, the exceptional specimens develop one only, of far greater size. This one flower is made double. The doubling of flowers, as is well known, is effected by changing stamens into petals, and a flower that does this dooms itself to sterility. The plant, however, seems resolved that if it makes this sacrifice it will have a *quid pro quo* in the way of beauty, and it accordingly colours its now abundant petals far more brilliantly than seems to be their nature, so brilliantly that they are often as ruddy as a rose.



Herb bennet doubled.

Not content with this, it draws its leaves together, bringing up not only those on the stalk, but some from the root, to make up the orthodox number of five,⁹ and bringing them approximately to the same size and form, arranges them something in the fashion of an Elizabethan ruff round its altered flower. The effect is most artistic, and few who are not botanists would

⁹ Such a plant as the geum has 5 petals and 5 sepals. As a general law, exogenous plants adopt the numbers 5 or 4 for their various parts, and endogenous plants the number 3.

imagine that the quaint prim little plant with delicately-tinted blossom could be of the same species as the lax and straggling growth, with dusky nodding flowers, which surround it. Here then is an instance in which development takes place in a given direction at a bound, and apparently on a plan. Moreover, the individuals which exhibit such development being sterile, can do nothing towards handing on the tendency. Yet every season fresh examples of it occur. In some cases the development goes still further, the pistil, whose proper function is to be a seed vessel, changing into a stalk and growing up through the



Herb bennet doubled and pistil changed to stalk.

transformed flower, with leaves upon it, and another attempt at a blossom up aloft.¹⁰ Another common plant, the lady's smock, frequently exhibits the same sort of change.

A less frequent instance of a striking change of habit suddenly occurring is afforded by the little scentless dog-violet,¹¹ which is so common everywhere in April and May. To look at the lowly prostrate plant, whose family has been taken as the emblem of humility, nothing could seem further removed

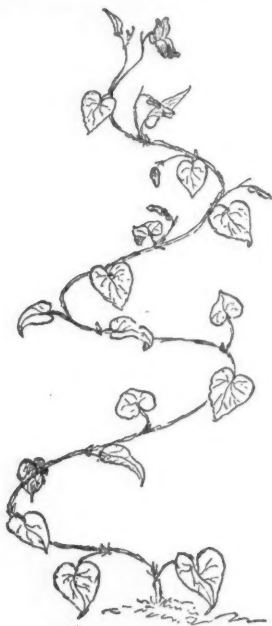


Dog violet.

¹⁰ *Cardamine pratensis*.

¹¹ *Viola canina*.

from the rampant climbers with which I began, plants that employ every parasitical device to thrust themselves into prominence. Yet I have known the violet do just the same. It was on the banks of the little Welsh river Aled, late in October, fourteen years ago, that an unusual-looking blue flower caught my attention. Examination showed this to belong to a long straggling stem, two and a half feet long, but an indubitable violet. Instead of staying its growing operations at the usual season, this specimen had, to gain its private ends, continued to develop its main shoot, from which sprang off laterally alternate leaves with flowers in their axils, and it had multiplied these leaves to the number of sixteen. Of flowers there had presumably been an equal number. That which caught my eye was the only one still blooming, but below it were several seed



Dog violet climbing.

Pods. Altogether, except for the circumstance that it was a violet, nothing could less have resembled that plant.

It would be easy to extend the list of such phenomena, but the catalogue might not improbably grow wearisome, and those which I have mentioned are sufficient for my object. It is

quite clear that there is abundant matter for observation within reach of all, and it seems to me no less so that we shall find reiterated to us in many ways the lesson of our own ignorance. The making of theories is a fascinating pursuit, and nothing is more attractive than to find facts tally with a theory we have made. There is therefore no little danger lest convenient facts should be taken and inconvenient facts left, and that hypotheses should therefore be held as proved which we have taken no real step towards demonstrating, and that whilst we are priding ourselves on having sounded the bottom of all knowledge, we should in reality be all the time, like Newton, children on the sea-shore picking up a shell or a pebble here and there, while the limitless ocean with all its treasures rolls before us unexplored.

It may be said that the facts I have instanced and others like them must admit of some explanation, and that the arguments here used would, in some cases at least, appear to suggest that no explanation is possible. What, for instance, about the self-immolation of moths and other insects when they see a light? But such examples tell only against any blind operation of merely mechanical laws. Once admit a design in the processes of nature, and there is no phenomenon but may well be part of that design. Not only the propagation of a species, but its confinement within suitable limits, or even its extinction in favour of other forms, may be in the plan of the Designer. "Foumarts,"¹² said a veteran north country gamekeeper, "are the clumsiest things about a trap. They'll go into anything, a box or a cage, it doesn't matter; and they'll walk on to a trap that's hardly tried to be hidden: they seem never to look under their feet." Clearly this gives them no great assistance towards multiplication—but their multiplication may possibly not be intended.

But here we touch the crucial point of the whole matter. This admission of design is what the most vehement preachers of evolution are chiefly anxious to avoid. Indeed, they make little secret of the fact that their zeal on behalf of the forces of nature is in large measure owing to their belief that the machinery of those forces is sufficient to account for the construction of the universe without an Architect. The blind action of natural laws, the struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest, are sufficient to account for everything; that which it

¹² Polecats.

requires mind to explain, required nevertheless no mind to form.¹³ It is against this doctrine that the foregoing arguments, and other such, have weight, and he who will in any degree attempt to read nature for himself, will doubtless in no long time come to two conclusions: the first that in every direction mystery bounds our knowledge; the second that where our minds do contrive to penetrate, there has been mind before them, and that to read the purposes of that mind must be the highest ambition of ours. And this it is that constitutes the true charm of scientific investigation. An historian once contemptuously dismissed the chronicles of the Heptarchy as no more worthy of attention than the battles of kites and crows. Natural history would be something still worse if it dealt but with the aimless and random workings of blind forces. How different the view of such a discoverer as Kepler, exclaiming: "O God! I think Thy thoughts after Thee!" This frame of mind is not devout only, but alone rational and scientific. *Dieu explique le monde, et le monde le prouve.*¹⁴

J. G.

¹³ "Quoi! le monde formé prouverait moins une intelligence que le monde expliqué!" (*Diderot*).

¹⁴ Rivarol.

*St. Augustine and Rationalism.*¹

AMONG the many miserable effects of the Reformation in England, the destruction of anything like scientific theology is one which is frequently brought under the notice of the Catholic reviewer. Books on theology are not wanting: indeed they still issue from the press, in numbers and size, which prove, if proof were wanting, how deeply the matters of which they treat interest the English people. But the writers of them have, in common, the fatal defect, not only of all that is involved by the rejection of a greater or less portion of revealed truth and the absence of that special assistance always given to duly appointed teachers in the Church of God, but also of the want of that discipline and method which is everywhere considered essential in natural sciences. It is some consolation, however, to observe that matters seem to have been mending somewhat of late. Perhaps the great revival of a profounder and more faithful study of sacred science within the Church, which has received so powerful an impulse from the present Holy Father, has modified in some measure the traditional Protestant position towards scholastic (*i.e.*, scientific) theology. We even find non-Catholics quoting St. Thomas with respect, though not always either wisely or too well; and certainly it is a long step from Mr. Cunningham's generous praise of "the splendid structure of the Scholastic Philosophy" to the absurd mixture of ignorance and conceit of those times when Dean Milman could with impunity write and publish, in what is generally accepted as an almost classical work, the statement that the writings of the Schoolmen, "amaze and appal the mind with the enormous accumulation of intellectual industry, ingenuity and toil: but of which the sole result to posterity is barren amazement;" and

¹ The Hulsean Lectures, 1885. *St. Austin and his Place in the History of Christian Thought*. By W. Cunningham, B.D., Chaplain and Birkbeck Lecturer, Trinity College, Cambridge. London: C. J. Clay and Sons (Cambridge University Press), 1886.

that, after the frank confession, "I pretend not to have read it" (*i.e.*, the *Summa* of St. Thomas).² Very far removed from the state of mind exhibited in these words, is the uniform courtesy, fairness of temper, and careful study which we gladly recognize in the former writer's "St. Austin." Even farther removed from the mind of Dean Milman is the devotional spirit and reverence always shown by Mr. Cunningham to the great Saint of his choice. Yet even so, we miss in him that preparatory discipline of theological science, which is essential to any writer who hopes to attain even the modest object proposed by our author in his Preface, of giving "such an account of St. Austin's philosophical and theological writings, as might form a suitable introduction to his works." Call this preparatory discipline, if you like, "the theological bias"; call it, "imbuing the mind with prejudice." It is so: but in the same sense that a man is expected to imbue his mind with prejudice, by some preliminary study of Latin grammar, contemporary Roman history, Roman law, and the like, before attempting a critical introduction to Cicero's Orations. The Fathers and the Schoolmen wrote under the influence of the same tradition which reigns in the Catholic schools of the present day. Not, of course, but that there has been in theology that progressive and legitimate development which is the life of every science; but it is a development which has never hindered a true unity and identity of teaching in the Catholic schools through all ages.³ The student passes

² *Latin Christianity*, vol. vi. p. 273, and p. 283, note. Unfortunately for Dean Milman the "Enormous accumulation," &c., has had, beyond "Barren amazement," at least the further result of inducing the Dean to give us, in twenty-three octavo pages, an epitome of the writings of Albert the Great, St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure, Scotus, and William of Ockham! In course of a series of brilliant antitheses, in which the writer generally manages to escape the critic by extreme indefiniteness of statement, he commits himself to two distinct propositions: the first is that Albert the Great taught that "Creation was an eternal inalienable attribute of God" (p. 279), and the second, that St. Thomas "Places sin not so much in the will, as in the understanding." The truth is, that the two writers both affirm the precise contradictory of these two propositions, and neither give the smallest foundation to the student for blundering in the matter. Cf. Albert the Great, in l. 1, *Sent.* d. 30, a. 1, and l. 2 *Sent.* d. 1, a. 6, and St. Thomas, *Summa*, 1æ. 2æ. q. 74, a. 1.

³ It is important to note here that we are speaking of development of Theological as distinct from Divine Tradition. The two are thus distinguished by the Vatican Council: "Fide divina et catholica ea omnia credenda sunt, quæ in verbo Dei scripto vel tradito continentur, et ab Ecclesia, sive solemnî iudicio, sive ordinario et universali magisterio tanquam divinitus revelata credenda proponuntur" (*Const.* l. cap. 3), and "Ratio quidem, fide illustrata, cum sedulo, pie et sobrie quærit, aliquam, Deo dante, mysteriorum intelligentiam eamque fructuosissimam assequitur, tum ex eorum, quæ naturaliter cognoscit, analogia, tum e mysteriorum ipsorum nexu inter se et cum fine hominis ultimo" (*Ibid.* cap. 4).

from the latest theological treatise to St. Thomas, and from St. Thomas to St. Augustine, without difficulty, and without any sense of incongruity. The language and the doctrine are substantially the same. He is already familiar with those technical expressions, those omissions of what is elementary and fundamental, which in theological as in all scientific treatises offer insuperable difficulties to the uninitiated. How should it be otherwise? "Who will not grant, except in the case of theology, that an experienced eye is an important qualification for understanding the distinction of things, or detecting their force and tendency? In politics, the sagacious statesman puts his finger on some apparently small or not confessedly great event, promptly declares it to be 'no little matter,' and is believed. Why? because he is conceived to have scholarship in the language of political history, and to be well read in the world's events. In the same way the comparative anatomist falls in with a little bone, and confidently declares from it, the make, habits, and age of the animal to which it belonged. What should we say to the unscientific hearer who disputed his accuracy, and attempted to argue with him? . . . Or again, surely it needs not to be formally proved that sympathy and congeniality of mind are concerned in enabling us to enter into another's meaning. His single words or tones are nothing to one man, they tell a story to another: the one man passes them over; the other is arrested by them, and never forgets them. Such is the difference between reading the Apostolic Father with or without a knowledge of the theological language."⁴

Mr. Cunningham is much too sagacious not to have observed the evil results of the Protestant method of dealing with the Fathers, and complains that "St. Austin has suffered so much from the way in which isolated expressions have been quoted to give the weight of his authority to opinions he would have repudiated, that I have been careful to avoid the very appearance of such unfairness of making my citations both frequent and full." It is, indeed, a long step in advance of many of his co-religionists, that the author should recognize the evils of which he speaks: it seems to us a much shorter one, to further recognize the inadequacy of his remedy. "Frequent and full citations" are good, as far as they go, and better still is the

⁴ Quoted by Cardinal Newman in his *Development of Doctrine* (chap. vii. § 5) from the *British Critic*, Jan. 1839, pp. 57—74. The writer quoted was speaking of St. Ignatius' *Epistles*.

honesty of purpose which we gladly recognize in this writer. But what has been the result as exhibited in the work before us? Mr. Cunningham finds in St. Augustine an exponent of the following singular modification of modern rationalism: "St. Austin contends more than once" that religion and philosophy are only "so far distinct that truth in the form of religious teaching may be apprehended by those who cannot grasp it in the form of philosophical discussions."⁵ And in this sense, "it is still the path of faith that leads to knowledge." "As a personal trust in its parents, and its reliance on them, is the first step which a child takes in knowledge of social relationships and ethical duty, so our trust in the Eternal God, in so far as He has revealed Himself, is the first step towards a right understanding of the relations of man to the Eternal and Unseen Realities. There is even an analogy in the progress of empirical science from hypothesis tentatively accepted (or believed), till by being verified, it becomes knowledge."⁶

This theory will not sound very Augustinian to our readers: and yet it would be impossible for an inquirer like Mr. Cunningham to bring away from his author a theory utterly without foundation. In fact, St. Augustine uses expressions which may be fairly represented by his interpreters to mean that "it is the path of faith that leads to knowledge," in three different senses. In the first sense, he argues against the Manichæan rationalists of his day that belief is the natural and legitimate method of instruction in all human science, and consequently their boast of teaching by reason alone is irrational.⁷ In the second sense, he says "God forbid that we should so believe, as to neither receive or aim at an understanding of what we believe, for we could not even believe unless we had rational souls." "Not," however, "so as to exclude faith, but that we may meditate with the light of reason, those things which we, at the same time, hold with the certainty of faith."⁸ In the third sense, and that the most common in his works, "the path of faith" is the probationary discipline of this earthly life, and the "knowledge," to which it leads, is the beatific vision, its heavenly reward. "Walk by faith, that you may attain to sight. Sight will not rejoice him in

⁵ P. 145.

⁶ P. 9.

⁷ *De Utilitate credendi* and *De Fide verum que non videntur*.

⁸ *Ep. ad Consentium*, 120, n. 3. "Absit, ut ideo credamus ne rationem accipiamus sive queramus: cum etiam credere non possemus nisi rationales animas haberemus," and n. 2, "Non ut fidem respuas, sed ut ea quæ fidei firmitate jam tenes, etiam rationis luce conspicias."

Heaven, whom faith hath not consoled during life. For thus saith the Apostle: *As long as we are in the body we are pilgrims away from the Lord.*⁹ Immediately, he adds the reason why we are still pilgrims, although we have already believed. By faith, saith he, we walk, and not by sight."¹⁰

But St. Augustine nowhere hints that Christians have the right to dispense with faith during this life, in favour of unassisted reason. On the contrary, this is the very error which he opposes in the Manichæans:¹¹ and one of his charges against the Pelagians is that they held that a man could be saved without faith."¹² Indeed, it would be hard to hit upon an error, opposed to the teaching of St. Augustine in a greater number of ways, than Mr. Cunningham's favourite form of Naturalism. It is directly contradicted by the assertion that faith is a necessary condition of the Christian life:¹³ and indirectly opposed to the doctrine that faith is essential to justification, so often repeated in his anti-Pelagian treatises: "Without the faith of Christ, no mortal ever was, or is, or ever at any time could be just."¹⁴ And again, since the reason, into which Mr. Cunningham thinks that St. Augustine would finally resolve faith, is purely natural, his theory is

⁹ 2 Cor. v. 6.

¹⁰ *Serm.* 87, c. 3. Also *In Joan.* tract. 75, n. 5; tract. 34, n. 7; *De Civ. Dei*, l. 20, c. 21, n. 1; l. 11, c. 29; l. 22, c. 29; *Epp.* 147, 148, and in many other places.

¹¹ *De Util. Cred.* cc. 1, 9; *Retract.* l. 1, c. 14, n. 1; *De Fide Rerum quæ non videntur*, c. 1.

¹² *De Pecc. Orig.* c. 26; *De Correp. et Grat.* c. 7.

¹³ "Life eternal through the truth is promised to us, and from that clear vision faith is distant by the same measure that mortality differs from eternity. . . . Wherefore, since our faith shall be changed into truth, when we arrive at that which is promised to us who believe, and it is eternal life which is promised to us: the Truth hath said (not that truth which is made, as is the truth into which our faith shall be changed, but that which is ever Truth for It is Eternal), the Truth hath said, 'This is life eternal, that they may know Thee, the one true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent' (*Joan.* 17, 3): when our faith shall be changed by sight into truth, then our changed mortality shall be received into eternity" (*De Trin.* l. 4, n. 24). The fact that Mr. Cunningham largely builds his theory on parallel passages to the above, is an excellent illustration of the way in which Catholic truths, such as the doctrine of the Beatific Vision, are lost to non-Catholic theologies, less by direct denial than by being quietly ignored. He says (p. 160), "Thus St. Austin will not let either [Bible or Church] stand in the place of God, the Eternal Reason, and hence we have the constant attempt, which is repeated by St. Anselm, to advance beyond the mere acceptance of truth from some authority, to the fuller light in which we may know, even as also we are known." But St. Augustine (*Ep.* 147, n. 19) attributes precisely this doctrine to the Arians with respect to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity: and it is well known to be a capital error of the Eunomian sect, and, in them, condemned by the Fathers.

¹⁴ *De Patientia*, n. 18.

opposed to the Augustinian doctrine, *par excellence*, that nature by itself is insufficient for any supernatural or salutary act whatever.¹⁵ Finally, the Saint teaches with all Catholics that there are fundamental doctrines in the Christian religion, which are mysteries in the strict sense, *i.e.*, the truth of which reason can neither prove nor disprove.¹⁶

However, as Mr. Cunningham rightly objects to the use of "isolated expressions," we will endeavour to fix the right interpretation of our citations and references by attempting a short synopsis of St. Augustine's teaching as to the parts played by faith and reason in Catholic theology, and the relations between them. At the same time, we shall aim at illustrating what we have said of legitimate development in theology by comparing some of St. Augustine's doctrines with the same doctrines as presented to us by later writers.

Many Protestant writers have complained of St. Augustine that he carried the principle of authority to excess,¹⁷ and while it is true that whenever the Saint has to speak of the teaching office of the Church his language is what would be denounced at the present day as decidedly "ultramontane,"¹⁸ it would be a mistake to suppose that he, therefore, in any way depresses reason from its rightful office. According to him reason is infallible. For, he argues, in the first place, there can be no positive error in simple apprehension, since the most that can be said when we have inadequate ideas of things is that we do not apprehend them at all.¹⁹ Or, as St. Thomas puts it, there can be no positive error without assertion, but for assertion there is required, beyond simple apprehension, the further intellectual act of judgment.²⁰ And, secondly, neither need the intellect err, of necessity, in its judgments: for, in judging what is false, it can at least be always conscious that it is attributing to an object a description which has never been apprehended.²¹ Hence says Father Suarez: "While the intellect may be necessitated to accept the truth, it can never,

¹⁵ *De Gratia Christi*, &c.

¹⁶ *De Trin.* l. 1, n. 4 ; l. 3, n. 21, &c.

¹⁷ Smith's *Biog. Dict.*, art. "Augustine" and German Protestant historians generally.

¹⁸ Thus, he says to dispute against the mind of the Universal Church is "insolentissimæ insanix" (*Ep.* 54, n. 6).

¹⁹ 83 QQ. *Divers.* n. 32.

²⁰ *Summa*, pt. 1. q. 17, a. 3.

²¹ "Nemo anim falsa novit, nisi cum falsa esse novit : quod si novit, verum novit : verum anim est quod illa falsa sint" (*De Trin.* l. 15, c. 10, n. 7).

absolutely speaking, be necessitated to err: and, therefore, as far as positive acts are concerned, it can never fall into an erroneous judgment, unless by a free act of the will; for, apart from necessity, the intellect can never be determined to an act of judgment except by the will, as it is not itself a free faculty."²²

St. Augustine approaches the same subject, from an opposite point of view, in his conception of the Eternal Law: a conception which, for grandeur and fruitfulness, it would be hard to equal in the whole range of Catholic philosophy. Temporal laws, he says, even though just, are liable to change with change of time and circumstances: not so the Eternal Law, which is the norm and standard, according to which all other laws are just or unjust, all human actions good or evil; It, alone, is everlasting and immutable. Conscience, therefore (which, according to St. Augustine, is only reason in its practical, as opposed to its speculative, aspect), is the promulgation and revelation of the Eternal Truth, which is God.²³ St. Thomas further develops the same thought thus: "Every artificer works according to some preconceived idea, and every ruler governs according to some mental ideal. The former concept we call art, and the second, law. Thus God, by His Wisdom, created all things, and the Divine Wisdom is to creation as the Art, Exemplar or Idea, according to which all things are made: [by His Wisdom, too, He governs all thing, and thus] the Divine Wisdom, which directs and moves all to their proper end, is the Eternal Law."²⁴ Hence, every cognition of truth in man is "a kind of irradiation and participation of the Divine Law, which is the Incommutable Truth, as St. Augustine says." Science, physical, moral, speculative are all reduced finally to this one Source of all light and from It derive all their objective certainty.²⁵

We have deemed it worth while to dwell somewhat on this

²² *Metaphysica*, d. 9, § 2. n. 6.

²³ *De Lib. Arbit.* l. 1, cc. 6 and 7; *De Vera Relig.* c. 31; *contr. Faust.* l. 15, c. 27. St. Augustine develops the system of "Platonic Ideas" in a way precisely parallel, *De Trin.* l. 8, c. 6. *Ep.* 110, n. 10; *De Lib. Arbit.* l. 2. c. 12, &c.

²⁴ *Summa*, I. 2æ. q. 93, a. 1.

²⁵ *De Vera Relig.* c. 31.

²⁶ The infallibility of reason is indirectly asserted by the Vatican Council, Const. 1, cap. 4: "Verum etsi fides sit supra rationem, nulla tamen inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest: cum idem Deus, qui mysteria revelat et fidem infundit, animo humano rationis lumen indiderit: Deus autem negare seipsum non possit, nec verum vero unquam contradicere." St. Augustine formally asserts the infallibility of conscience: l. 2. c. 10.

part of our subject, for there is one prominent phase of modern thought which we must put out of the question before attempting to understand St. Augustine, or indeed, any of the Fathers. We mean that mental indecision with regard to evident and fundamental truths, a kind of scrupulosity of the intellect, which seems to be almost cultivated as a kind of virtue by a large school of non-Catholics. St. Augustine was quite decided in his adhesion to what he did know as true, and he was equally clear as to what he did not know. He distinguished between certainty, opinion and ignorance, with perfect decision and definiteness. Thus he pursued Pelagianism relentlessly until he had obtained its condemnation from the Holy See; and he did not hesitate to call it a heresy, because it was "a new doctrine, contrary to the most ancient foundation of the faith." While of his treatise *De Genesi ad litteram*, he says it contained "Plura quæsitæ potius quam inventa,"²⁷ an expression which is further explained in the work itself as meaning that he had there advanced many opinions as probable without asserting them as true.²⁸ The opposite course, in matters of faith, he thinks, can hardly be excused from sacrilege;²⁹ and indeed in ordinary matters "ought to be condemned and detested."³⁰ And, finally, he frankly confesses to St. Jerome, who had consulted him on certain matters connected with the origin of the soul, that he knows nothing about them; "as is the case with many other things more than I know how to remember or number: and I could endure my ignorance patiently, but for the fear that some one of these opinions might betray incautious minds into opposition to that which we hold with firmest faith."³¹ Hence, we cannot agree with Mr. Cunningham when he says: "However diverse our interests may be, whichever of the many problems of life weighs on us most heavily, we learn that it is not peculiarly our own, but that the great African Father wrestled with something similar in his time. Indeed we dare not neglect him, for though he lived so long ago his work is by no means antiquated: he deals with many of the questions which vex us now, and raise restless longings for a certainty which seems unattainable, or give place to the bitter hopelessness that weighs on our hearts and hampers our efforts to struggle after good and for good."³² So sad a confession would indeed have roused a

²⁷ *Retract.* l. i. c. 18.

²⁸ *Ib.* cc. 19, 20, 21.

²⁹ *De Gen. ad lit. op. imp.* c. i.

³⁰ *De Util. Cred.* c. xi.

³¹ *Ep.* 166, c. 4, n. 9, and c. 9, n. 28.

³² p. 13.

prompt response from the great and sensitive heart of St. Augustine, as we believe it will in the breasts of our Catholic readers, but it would be a sympathy not founded on his own experience of "longings for certainty that seems unattainable." The Saint had as little consciousness of this state of mind, on the one hand, as he would have had sympathy with over credulity in mere hypothesis in physical science, which is so often and so strangely the companion of the former at the present day.³³

But if St. Augustine, with the later Schoolmen, puts unreserved confidence in the truthfulness of reason, when it does speak, he still insists vigorously on the very limited amount of truth which is due in us to pure unaided reason, and the necessity we are under of trusting to authority for the greater part of our knowledge. This is a favourite argument with the Saint against the Manichæans,³⁴ who "mocked at the discipline of the Catholic faith, in that men are commanded to believe, instead of being taught the truth by infallible reason."³⁵ He shows that human faith, the acceptance of truth on authority, is a necessary element in all education, that it is essential to society,³⁶ and that it is rational. He defends the faith of Christians from the charge of credulity,³⁷ and enumerates the motives of credibility

³³ A characteristic difference between the ancient and modern spirit is observable in Mr. Cunningham's apparent relief at St. Augustine's acknowledgment, that miracles had become comparatively rare in the Church. St. Augustine's difficulty was precisely the other way about. He found a difficulty in the comparative rareness of miracles, and in his character of apologist felt bound to explain why they should be rarer. It is a mistake to cite St. Augustine as affirming, in *De Vera Relig.* c. 47, that miracles had altogether ceased in his time (p. 163). The Saint himself seemed to see that his words were liable to misinterpretation, and in l. 2, *Retract.* c. 13, says: "What I wrote is not to be understood as though no miracles were now wrought in the name of Christ." "What I said is true, for, after the laying on of hands, the baptized do not receive the Holy Ghost in such sort as to speak with the tongues of all nations, nor are the sick healed by the passing shadow of the preacher," but still "I myself, when I wrote that book, had known of the blind receiving their sight at the relics of the martyrs at Milan, and other miracles besides, such as are worked in our own times, and in such number that we cannot know of all, nor enumerate those which we do know." We can gather, from St. Augustine's fearless consistency and logical accuracy of thought in other matters, what would have been his judgment of the proposition, that while miracles, many and splendid, were not only possible, but to be expected, in the Church of the Apostles, they are, of all things, the most to be dreaded and distrusted in any later age of the same Church.

³⁴ *De Util. Cred.* and *De Fide rerum que non videntur*, throughout.

³⁵ *Retract.* l. i. c. 14, n. i.

³⁶ *De Util. Cred.* c. 12.

³⁷ *Ibid.* c. 11. Mr. Cunningham is correct in giving the Saint's definition of credulity as "the state of mind of those who think they know, what they know not," but he has no authority for adding, "and who therefore rest satisfied with mere belief

which make the acceptance of the authoritative teaching of the Catholic Church both reasonable and just.

St. Augustine, however, could not, in these treatises, give a full and explicit account of the faith of Christians, for a reason which he points to more than once in the *De Utilitate Credendi*.³⁸ By the discipline of the Church of that age, none of the mysteries of the faith could be proposed to one, who, like Honoratus, was not even a catechumen of the Church: nor, for the same reason, could he describe fully the kind of faith, which is alone sufficient for the apprehension of those mysteries. There are, however, an abundance of his works which were written for the eyes of Catholics only, and to them we must turn for an account of the faith of Christians as St. Augustine understood it. Thus, in his explanations of St. John's Gospel, he often repeats the Pauline definition of faith:³⁹ "What else is faith than belief in the things which are not seen?"⁴⁰ "In this consists the praise of faith, that we believe that which is not seen: for what great thing were it to believe that which is seen?"⁴¹ He distinguishes human from Divine faith,⁴² and the latter, in the strictest sense, is the faith of Christians: "We believe not on the word of man but of God;"⁴³ and, consequently, the assent of Christian faith has the highest possible certainty. "And how is it, you say, that I see that which is not seen? Most certainly, hath faith eyes—eyes which are greater, stronger and more potent [than the natural faculty]. These are the eyes which have never deceived any one: the eyes which are

and never try to advance to knowledge" (p. 9, note). On the contrary, while St. Augustine here says that credulity is always "to be reprobated," he adds that "belief is culpable when anything is believed unworthy of God, or when men are too easily trusted." We do not find Mr. Cunningham's favourite opposition between "mere belief" and knowledge very intelligible. Is there no such thing as geographical, geological, historical knowledge? How much would be left of what is called, *par excellence*, science nowadays, to the greatest scientist, if he were to eliminate everything except what he knew from the evidence of his own senses, or from his own unaided reason? As far as the above theory is founded on St. Augustine's words, "Quod scimus igitur debemus rationi: quod credimus auctoritati," the Saint corrects this misinterpretation, to which he evidently saw his language was liable, in *Retract.* l. i. c. 14, n. 3. We admit, with St. Augustine, that direct knowledge (in the natural order) is of the higher kind; we assert, with him, that its extent must be always very limited.

³⁸ c. 2, n. 5; c. 7, n. 14; c. 10, n. 23.

³⁹ Heb. xi. 1.

⁴⁰ Tract. 40 in *Joan.* n. 9.

⁴¹ *De Ordine*, l. 2, c. 9.

⁴² Tract. 79 in *Joan.* n. 1.

⁴³ 2 l. *Contra Parmen.* c. 14; also *De Civ.* l. 11, c. 25, and *Enar. in Ps.* 39, n. 6.

'ever on the Lord.'"⁴⁴ Hence it is, that although error in itself is not theologically culpable,⁴⁵ yet, when it takes the form of infidelity, it is the greatest of sins; for, "By that one sin, the way is closed to the remission of all others."⁴⁶ We have already seen that he held faith to be supernatural, in the sense of being altogether beyond the powers of any natural faculty; that faith is necessary for justification, and that it is the characteristic of Christians, "whereby we are called faithful."

If we turn, now, from the pages of St. Augustine to the definitions of the Church's latest Ecumenical Council, we have the same teaching couched in almost identical language. "Since man depends wholly on God, his Creator and Lord, and created reason is entirely subject to Uncreated Truth, we are bound to offer, by faith, a full service of the intellect and will to God in His Revelation. This faith, the beginning of man's salvation, the Church declares to be a supernatural virtue, whereby, inspired and assisted by God's grace, we believe those things to be true which He hath revealed, not because of their intrinsic truth known to us by the natural light of reason, but because of the authority of God Himself, who hath revealed them and who can neither deceive nor be deceived. For faith, as the Apostle testifies, is 'the substance of things hoped for, the argument of things which do not appear.'⁴⁷ . . . And since 'without faith it is impossible to please God'⁴⁸ and attain to the fellowship of His children: hence, without it, no one ever acquired justification, nor can any one obtain eternal life unless he persevere in faith even unto the end."⁴⁹ "But although faith is above reason, there can never be any real dissension between faith and reason, for it is the same God who reveals the mysteries of our religion and infuses faith in us, who hath also imparted the light of reason to the human soul: and God cannot deny Himself, neither can truth contradict truth."⁵⁰

Thus the Church of the fourth century, as represented by the great African Doctor, harmonizes perfectly with the Church of

⁴⁴ *Enar. in Ps.* 146, n. 19; also in *Ps.* 36, serm. 2, n. 2 and *De Gen. ad lit.* 1. 1, c. 22, where he says: "Whatever is contrary to the Catholic faith, we should, without any hesitation, believe to be most false."

⁴⁵ *De Gest. Pelag.* 1. 1, n. 18. "It neither injures nor helps the faith whereby we are called faithful."

⁴⁶ *Serm.* 143, n. 2, and *Cont. 2 Epist. Pelag.* 1. 3, n. 4. Cf. 1 Joan v. 10. "He that believeth not the Son, maketh Him a liar; because he believeth not the testimony which God hath testified of His Son."

⁴⁷ Hebrews xi. 1.

⁴⁸ Hebrews xi. 6.

⁴⁹ *Vat. Concil. Const.* 1. c. 3.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.* c. 4.

the nineteenth century in its conception of reason and of faith, and in asserting the perfect accordance between the two. Nor is there, with respect of other doctrines, any real difficulty in showing a perfect unity of teaching in Catholic writers of all ages, if only there be adopted the *scientific* method, as opposed to the method of "isolated citations."

In conclusion, we have only to express frankly our regret at seeming to have passed so general a condemnation on a writer whom we honour for his courage in throwing overboard so many and inveterate Protestant traditions, which have long fastened on his subject. Our excuse must be sought from the hard fate brought on the critic by the very nature of things: inasmuch as it is comparatively easy to be brief in the expression of approbation and praise, while in confuting an error, it is impossible to be short, and, indeed, difficult not to be tedious.

The Koran and the Eastern Question.

PART THE FIRST.

ORIGIN, DOCTRINES, AND TRADITIONS OF THE KORAN.

WE cannot feel otherwise than interested in a book which has exerted a vast influence over the destinies of mankind, and in which some one hundred and twenty millions of our fellow-creatures place their hopes of future happiness. The very name of the Koran not only awakens interest but kindles the imagination by recalling the spirit-stirring episodes of the Crusades, the heroic struggles of the Spaniards with the Moors, and the fascinating scenes of the *Arabian Nights*. Apart, however, from these associations it must be obvious that some knowledge of the Koran is of practical importance to us Christians when we consider that four Christian Powers, England, Russia, France, and Holland, rule over a greater number of believers in the faith of Mahommed than those who are subject to the Sublime Porte itself.¹ But some acquaintance with the Mahommedan creed is absolutely essential to a due comprehension of what is called the Eastern Question, one of the gravest with which European statesmen have to grapple, and which is fraught with peril to the peace of Europe. Without that knowledge it is impossible for a westerner to gain an insight into the spirit and temperament of the followers of Islam and to appreciate the influences by which they are swayed. These can be known only through the medium of the sacred book of the Moslems, on which their laws, institutions, and customs are based, and which is, in fact, interwoven with the very tissue of their lives. For these reasons, and at a time when events in the Balkans and in Greece have brought the Eastern Question into such menacing prominence, I have thought it opportune to bring before the reader a brief survey

¹ The number of Mahommedans under the rule of the above-named Powers may be roughly estimated at about seventy millions.

of the dogmas and rites inculcated in the Koran, and of the traditions, or rather the associated superstitions, of the creed taught in the strange Bible of the Moslems. With that view I shall briefly describe the religious condition of the East before the advent of Islamism, the origin, leading dogmas, and juridical precepts of the Koran, the ceremonial observances prescribed in it and in the *Soonnah*, the causes that have contributed to the success and the decline of Islamism, and, finally, its immediate bearing on the Eastern Question.

Before the establishment of Mahomedanism a gross idolatry prevailed throughout the greater part of the East, where a barbarous superstition sanctioned the most revolting practices as a grateful offering to the idols it had raised. Then the paramount religions of Arabia were the Magian (instituted by Zoroaster about the fourth century before our era), the believers in which worshipped fire, and the Sabeans, the followers of which adored the celestial luminaries as well as evil spirits. These principal beliefs were subdivided into various minor sects of idolators; but, however, differing among themselves on matters of faith, all admitted the sanctity of the Kaaba, or Holy Temple of Mekkeh (called *Beit-Allah*, the House of God), the remote antiquity of which is incontestable. Half a century before the Christian era Diodorus Siculus mentions the Kaaba as the most ancient temple of that time. One of the Moslem traditions affirms that it descended from heaven to its present site and another that it was built by Abraham. The chief object of worship was, and is still, the *Hajar Aswad*, or black stone, inserted in the south-east corner of the building. The Eastern imagination has made this stone the subject of many legends, which are firmly believed by the vast majority of Mussulmans. Some of these legends tell how it was Adam's guardian angel, who was transformed into it for his negligence in admitting the serpent into Eden; while others assert that it is a precious stone which came on earth with Adam, and was taken up to heaven during the Deluge, returning again after that catastrophe. Another legend describes the black stone as having served Abraham in lieu of scaffolding when he was constructing the Kaaba, ascending or descending with him at his will. The stone, which is bordered by a plate of silver, is alleged to have been originally whiter than snow, but became quite black from the kisses of so many generations of sinners. The Kaaba itself is a small stone

building, situated in the centre of the mosque at Mekkeh, and its exterior is covered with a rich cloth, annually renewed by the Padisha, who sends it to its destination by the sacred *Mahmal*, which leaves Cairo with much pomp in the month of February every year. The Kaaba was once filled with idols, before which pilgrims prostrated themselves, and to which they made costly votive offerings. During certain months of the year hosts of pilgrims crowded to Mekkeh from all parts of the East to perform the various ceremonies required of the worshippers. From what has been said it will be seen that corrupted notions of the Old Testament were strangely mingled with idolatry amongst the Arabians in pre-Islamic times. This period is always referred to throughout the East as "the time of ignorance."

Such, then, was the religious condition of great part of the East while Mahommed was yet a young man. Endowed with a naturally observant and reflective mind, he could not fail to perceive the falsehood of this debasing superstition, and with that perception arose the hope of establishing on its ruins a new religion with himself as its prophet and head. In pursuance of that ambitious design he withdrew to the cave of Mount Hara, near Mekkeh, where he spent several years in retirement, assiduously preparing himself for the great but evil career on which he was destined to enter. It was here, he said, that he first beheld the Angel Gabriel, who, hailing him as the Prophet of God, revealed to him several verses of the Koran. In the composition of that famous book, however, Mahommed was assisted by a Jew named Abdallah Ibn Salem, to whom he was indebted for his knowledge of the Mosaic revelation; and from a member of his household, called Waraka, who possessed a corrupt version of the Gospel, he is said to have derived most of his acquaintance with the New Testament. Mahommed, however, cunningly averred that the revelations of the Koran were communicated to him directly, and by degrees, from Heaven in religious trances or ecstasies, thus enabling him to adapt them to whatever circumstances might arise.

It is well known that the two fundamental dogmas of the Koran are that there is but one God and that Mahommed is His Prophet. It must be admitted that some passages referring to the Almighty convey a high conception of His attributes. "God," says Mahommed, "who holdeth the universe in His outstretched palm; who decreeth a thing, saying *Be* and it is

so; who hath spread the earth as a bed for you and the heavens as a covering, and hath caused water to descend from heaven, thereby producing fruits for your sustenance." In the second chapter, called "the Cow," toleration is inculcated thus: "Surely those who believe and who Judaize, and Christians and Sabeans, whoever believeth in God and the last day, and doth what is right, they shall have their reward with the Lord; there shall come no fear on them, neither shall they be grieved." With the growth of Mahommed's power, however, this moderation was forgotten, and the most rancorous spirit of intolerance breathes throughout the succeeding parts of the Koran, especially in the eighth and ninth chapters. Instead of persuasion, he recommends the sword as the instrument for propagating his doctrines, and designates it the key of Heaven and of Hell.² It was when powerless and obscure that he preached forbearance towards unbelievers in his mission; but when a great conqueror, the only alternatives he offered the vanquished were the Koran, ransom, or the sword. A religion founded by the sword has naturally ended in despotism and barbarism, and is destined, in God's good time, to be destroyed by the sword.

The most remarkable chapter of the Koran is the third, entitled "The Family of Imran," the name by which St. Joachim is known in the East. It is devoted almost exclusively to our Saviour and His Blessed Mother. In this chapter it is declared that Christ was born in a miraculous manner and that He ranks next to the Prophet. In order, doubtless, to conciliate Christians to his religion, Mahommed always refers to our Saviour with great reverence, calling Him the "Spirit of God" and the "Judge of the World." He makes God say in the Koran: "We gave Jesus, Son of Mary, manifest signs and strengthened Him with the Holy Spirit." He also mentions Jesus as speaking to men in His cradle, announcing His mission as Prophet and Lawgiver. Like all false prophets and heresiarchs, however, Mahommed invariably blends error with truth; for with the Docetae, he taught that Christ had but a *seeming* body and that He was not, therefore, actually crucified. It is a remarkable fact that Mahommedans always admitted the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady.

One of the principal minor doctrines of the Koran is faith in angels. The chief celestial angels are Gabriel, Azrael, the

² For the Sword, see Koran (Sale's translation), chaps. iii. iv. and viii.

angel of death, and Israfil, who is to sound the resurrection trumpet. "The Prince of Evil," says Mahommed, "was once the angel Azazil, but was changed into the fiend, Iblis, for refusing to adore the newly-created Adam at the command of the Lord." There are also the terrible *black* angels, Monker and Nakir, who examine the corpse of the true believer in the tomb. If he fail to answer their questions in an orthodox manner Nakir scourges the hapless wight with a heavy chain.³ Among the inferior spirits mentioned in the Koran are those called *tacwins* or fates, and genii of gigantic size styled *Div*, or *Gins*. Moslems believe the latter to be fallen angels who are ever striving to regain Paradise by force, and that falling stars are missiles hurled against them by its celestial guardians. Hence when a Mussulman sees a shooting meteor he devoutly exclaims: "May Allah transfix the enemies of the faith!"

An important article of the Mahomedan faith is predestination, whence has sprung the very name of Islamism, which means entire resignation to fate. This belief has had a greater influence, both for good and evil, on the fortunes of the Eastern races than any doctrine inculcated by the Prophet. The inferior position of Oriental in comparison with Western nations is mainly attributable to its baneful influence; while, on the other hand, it enables Mahomedans to endure misery and misfortunes with resignation and fortitude. To that doctrine they are also indebted for their bravery in fight, for the Moslem goes into battle convinced that his appointed hour is irrevocably fixed and cannot by any precautions be avoided. When calamity threatens he does not seek to evade it, and when it actually falls on him he bows his head beneath the blow, exclaiming: "*Mashallah!* it is written; what must be, must be." When plague rages in the crowded cities of the East the Mussulman passes unconcernedly by reeking dirt-heaps in narrow, ill-ventilated streets; and if you hint the danger of contagion from the tainted atmosphere he shrugs his shoulders and answers, "*Wallah!* who can avoid his *kismet?*"

Faith in the resurrection of the body and the last judgment is inculcated in the Koran.⁴ Before the resurrection the souls of the damned are sent into the jaws of the devil, who crushes them with his red-hot teeth as mercilessly as Dante represents him devouring Judas and Brutus in the *Inferno*.⁵ The faithful

³ Koran, chap. iv.

⁴ Chaps. ii. ix. iv. and lxxxi.

⁵ Canto xxxiv.

will rise from the grave in the vigour of manhood and thirty cubits high; while infidels will appear with dwarfed and deformed bodies. The actions of believers will be weighed in Gabriel's balance, one scale of which hangs over Paradise and the other over Hell, and which is large enough to hold Heaven and earth.⁶

Spanning the pit of *Jehannum*, or Hell, is the bridge *Al Sirat*, the edge of which is sharp as that of a razor, and the approach to which is guarded by *Mihr* and *Sorush*, the angels of justice and mercy. At one end of the bridge Paradise, with all its delights, will be revealed to mankind. Over this bridge the multitude will be compelled to pass; the feet of the condemned will be terribly lacerated, and, after vainly trying to balance themselves, they will sink into the raging abyss beneath—

Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding Heaven and feeling Hell;

while the just shall pass over unhurt to the joys of Paradise, where they will be received by black-eyed houris, made of musk, and whose eyes glow, in the words of the Koran, "like pearls hidden in their shells." Seventy-two of these celestial damsels are allotted to the meanest believer, and their duty is to minister to his lightest wishes. They enjoy perennial youth, sing delightfully, and are, above all, blessed with the gift of quiet tongues.

There are seven heavens, each adapted to the merits of believers, the most pious of whom will be borne aloft to the upper heavens on white-winged camels splendidly caparisoned. The elect will dwell there in gardens of fadeless verdure, refreshed by rivers of clarified honey flowing through banks of saffron and musk. The blessed are decked out in diamonds and robes of silk, inhabit marble palaces, wander in perfumed bowers, and drink rich nectar, served in golden cups, from one of the five rivers of Paradise. The *Tooba* tree, however, constitutes one of its greatest delights. It is placed in the seventh heaven, over the greater part of which its branches extend. It bears fruits of exquisite flavour, which it bends to the silken couch of every believer, in order that he may pluck them at his ease. Its branches also yield the flesh of birds or animals, cooked according to his taste, while from its blossoms will spring vestures of green silk and fleet steeds for the use of the happy denizens of this abode of bliss. On the boughs of this astonishing tree are also perched birds of beautiful green plumage, who

⁶ Koran, chaps. vii. and xxiii.

fill the air with delicious odours whenever they warble their ravishing notes. At the extremity of this heaven, on the right hand of the throne of Allah, is the lotus tree, Al Sedrat, beyond which no created being can pass. This tree, like all those of Paradise, is hung with golden bells, which are set in motion by zephyrs from the throne of God.

Thus, the Mahommedan's heaven is one of mere sensual enjoyment.

A partition wall, called El Araf, divides Paradise from Hell, between which is a dreary waste for infants, lunatics, and those who,

"A Dio spiacenti, ed a' nemici sui,"

are too imperfect for Heaven and too good for Hell. This region is somewhat analagous to Purgatory. In the third chapter of the Koran it is declared that "There shall be degrees of reward and punishment with God." As the souls confined in this region can be redeemed, prayers for the dead are expressly enjoined by the Koran.⁷

As the sensual delights of Paradise are described with all the fervid glow of the Eastern imagination to allure the necessitous sons of the desert, so are the horrors of Hell pourtrayed in appalling pictures to confirm the impressionable Arabs in the faith of the Prophet. There are seven hells for the punishment of various grades of wickedness and for unbelievers. In the first of these, *Jehannum*, sinners are shod with fiery shoes so intensely hot that, in the words of the Koran, "their skulls will boil like caldrons." What, then, must be the sufferings of unfortunate hypocrites, for whom is reserved the lowest Hell, Al Howyat, where they will have to endure torments sevenfold worse than those of the first!⁸ Terrified by these descriptions of the tortures inflicted on hypocrites in Hell, Mahommedans are sincere believers in the creed of the Prophet—a faith which has been one of the principal causes of their conquests. We may remember, however, that Dante, with poetic justice, places Mahommed himself in the ninth pit of his *Inferno*, devoted to the punishment of heresiarchs and

⁷ In the thirty-sixth *sura* of the Koran, called *Ya Sin*, a chapter held in peculiar esteem by Moslems, many of whom repeat it daily.

⁸ For the punishment of infidels, *vide* Koran, chap. lxix., in which we are told that their drink will be burning pitch. In chap. xxii. it is declared that: "They who believe not shall have garments of fire fitted unto them; boiling water shall be poured on their heads; their bowels shall be dissolved thereby, and also their skins, and they shall be beaten with maces of iron."

slanderers, where he represents the hapless Prophet and his disciple Ali as being hacked and mangled in the most deplorable manner.⁹

In order to confirm still further his influence over his credulous followers Mahommed claimed the possession of thaumaturgic power. One of the most famous of his pretended miracles is the *Mesra*, or Nocturnal Journey, in which the faithful affirm that the Prophet, under the guidance of the Archangel Gabriel, ascended from the Temple at Jerusalem to the seventh heaven, and that he came within two bow-shots of the throne of Allah, who named him His Prophet. The *Mesra* is only passingly referred to in the Koran.¹⁰ Another of his miracles is called the "splitting of the moon." When preaching to some of his disciples one night a few of them signified a desire to behold some proof of the genuineness of his mission. He promptly replied, "You shall have it," and raising his hands, he commanded the moon, then at the full, and shining brightly overhead, to descend from the heavens. The moon obligingly complied, alighted on the Prophet's head, then on his shoulders, and encircled the Kaaba seven times; after which it made a profound reverence to Mahommed, split into two halves, which, ascending separately, joined in the firmament when they had come to their original position.¹¹ The sceptics were, of course, confounded and converted. Another of his recorded miracles is that which is said to have been performed by him at the battle of Beder,¹² when, as the fortunes of the day were turning against him, he rushed to the front, and flinging a handful of sand towards his enemies, exclaiming, "Confusion on their faces!" his, until then, victorious foes were seized with a panic and fled from the field, pursued by a legion of angels. It is also alleged that the life of the Prophet

⁹ Già veggia per mezzul perdere o lulla,
 Con' io vidi un, così non si pertugia,
 Rotto dal mento insin dove si trulla.
 Tra le gambe pendevan le menugia;
 La corata pareva.

Vedi come storpiato è Maometto:
 Dinanzi a me sen va piangendo Ali,
 Fesso nel volto dal mento al ciuffitto.

(Canto xxviii).

¹⁰ Chaps. iii. xvii. and lxxii. A detailed account of the Nocturnal Journey is given in Washington Irving's *Life of Mahommed*.

¹¹ *Vide* Koran, chap. liv.

¹² A.D. 623.

was miraculously saved as he was on the point of eating part of a savoury shoulder of lamb, which, becoming endowed with speech, considerably informed him that it was poisoned. The only other miracle worth notice is that of the deserted post. In the earlier years of his mission, when addressing his audiences, the Prophet used to lean against one of the wooden posts supporting the temple at Medineh. His audience becoming larger he found it necessary to abandon the post for a pulpit, on entering which, for the first time, the bereaved post uttered a plaintive moan, indicative of deep distress; whereupon the Prophet, addressing it as his "beloved and faithful supporter," assured it that he would have it transported into the gardens of Paradise on the last day. Soothed by his caressing words and this consoling promise the post became silent, and groaned no more. Such are the absurd fables in which grave and bearded Mussulmans firmly believe!

As regards the moral precepts of the Koran, alms-deeds, temperance, prayer, and truthfulness are especially commanded. Almsgiving through ostentation is strongly condemned in these words: "They who giveth alms, or do good from ostentation, are as a flint covered with earth, on which a violent rain falleth, and leaveth it hard." So sacred is this observance held in the East that a small tax, called *zekāh*, is levied on domestic animals and the produce of the soil expressly for the poor. Scandal is also strictly forbidden. "Whoever," says the Koran, "conceals the vices of his brother Mussulman shall have a veil drawn over his own crimes in the two worlds by God;" and in chapter xlix. we find the words: "And speak not ill one of the other in his absence." Thus from the confused and darkling pages of this false Evangel of the East rays of Divine truth flash forth occasionally. In short, the Koran is a mere coarse plagiarism of the Bible, and Islamism is Christianity brutalized and degraded.

While assuming to be the prophet, Mahommed also aspired to become, like Moses, a lawgiver to his nation. Thus, the Koran contains the principal civil, penal, and ecclesiastical laws of Mahommedan countries. It legislates equally for the gravest questions and for the most trivial affairs of private life, and their entire jurisprudence is based upon its maxims. Besides the Koran, many Mahommedan laws are contained in the *Soonnah*, a book compiled after Mahommed's death. It is the Blackstone and Talmud of Islam, in which are also preserved traditionary

precepts (*Hadis*) of the Prophet.¹³ Moslem *uhlemahs* are also expounders of the law, and act as judges. One of the chief defects in the Mahomedan laws is that an unjust judgment cannot be reversed; for there is no Court of Appeal in the Ottoman dominions. Notwithstanding this elaborate judicial machinery, the administration of the law in the Turkish courts is a mere mockery of justice; for, with some rare exceptions, the magistrates are notoriously corrupt. Nor is this corruption confined to the administrators of the law; it pervades every class of Government officials in Turkey. From the Pasha who governs a *sandyak* and the Vâli who administers a *villayat* down to the humblest tax-gatherer, all appropriate a large part of the taxes wrung, in coin or in kind, from the hapless tillers of the soil; so that only a portion of the revenue thus collected finds its way to the Imperial treasury. By the Treaty of Berlin the Porte is bound to reform these abuses. In the East, punishment follows immediately on the commission of crime, when clearly proved.¹⁴

Connected with the juridical precepts of the Koran are those relating to the condition of women. A vulgar error prevails that Mahomedans deny that women have souls. This originates probably in the fact that women in the East are not allowed to worship in the mosques with men. The Koran declares that women shall receive hereafter a *share* of the rewards and punishments of their lords and masters.¹⁵

Many laws are laid down for the regulation of the married state. The legal number of wives allowed to each believer is four; but he is permitted to keep as many female slaves as he can maintain. A Mahomedan marriage is very simply effected, and as easily dissolved. The ceremony consists merely in a declaration of consent by the parties before witnesses. In seeking for a dissolution of the nuptial bond, a verbal appeal to a court from a husband is sufficient to obtain it; but he is obliged to secure to his wife her dowry beforehand. Thus, that fecund source of immorality and social disintegration, divorce, is sanctioned and facilitated by an ordinance of the Koran.

With reference to inheritance, on the death of a married woman her husband inherits half her property; but if she

¹³ There is also a book called *Hedayah*, containing a summary of the laws of the Koran for the use of Moslem judges. Among the best legal commentators on the Koran are two Arabian jurists, Ebn Hanbal and Abou-Hanefâh.

¹⁴ It is chiefly in civil cases that the ends of justice are defeated by bribery.

¹⁵ Chapters xv. xxxiii. and lvi.

have children, he gets only a fourth part. A widow succeeds to one-fourth of her deceased husband's property, and if he leave children she has a right to only one-eighth. An only daughter has half her father's estate; and two daughters inherit one-third each. As a general rule, women enjoy only half the privileges of men. In fact, in every way, women hold a shamefully degraded position in the Turkish Empire.

Relatively to slaves, their acts are declared null. A slave cannot marry or inherit property without the consent of his master. If a slave who has any worldly goods dies, his master inherits all, to the exclusion of the deceased's wife and children. The only privilege enjoyed by slaves is that they can oblige their masters to sell them, if they wish to change service. Mahommedanism, then, has erected servitude into a regularly organized institution.¹⁶ Finally, their jurisprudence is completed by the oral laws of the Prophet, called *Ilm Hadis*, and the sentences of the four great Imaums.

Let us now consider the ceremonial observances commanded in the Koran, and which are daily practised by all devout Moslems. The principal of these regards prayer, designated in the Koran as "the pillar of religion and the key of Paradise." Every Mussulman is enjoined to repeat five short prayers (*nazims*) daily; the first just before sun-rise, the second when noon is past, the third immediately before sunset, the fourth immediately after sunset, and the fifth after night has set in. At prayer Moslems generally use rosaries. They are forbidden to pray for idolaters, unbelievers, and for those who die in debt. The prayer called the *Fat-hâh* holds the same rank in the prayers of the Moslems as the Lord's Prayer with Christians.

The next obligation imposed on the faithful is a pilgrimage to Mekkeh, the holy city, and this pilgrimage must be fulfilled either in person or by proxy.¹⁷ Arrived near Mekkeh, the pilgrims perform ablutions, and invest themselves with the *ihram*, or pilgrim's garb.¹⁸ During the pilgrimage Moslems are prohibited from killing any living thing. On approaching the temple, pilgrims make four prostrations, and then encircle the Kaaba seven times, kissing the black stone each time. There is only one entrance door to the Kaaba, and near this door, in an angle

¹⁶ Those who raised such an outcry against poor General Gordon for his proclamation sanctioning (however unwillingly) slavery in the Soudan, were ignorant of this fact. Mahommedanism must be first destroyed ere slavery can be abolished in the regions under its rule.

¹⁷ *Vide* Koran, chapters ii. and xxii.

of the building, and elevated about five feet from the ground, is placed the mysterious object of worship mentioned at the beginning of this article. It is nearly oval in shape, and about seven inches in diameter.

After having made the circuits of the Kaaba, pilgrims drink from the well *Zemzem*, pray at the adjoining stations of Abraham and El Majaan, and run between Mounts Safa and Merwa ; after which they adjourn to the valley of Mina, each to throw seven stones at a building called *Beit Sheytan* (the devil's house) and to sacrifice victims, which are generally kids or lambs. These ceremonies completed, the pilgrims get their heads shaved, and are ever after entitled to the honorable appellation of Hajji.

Festivals and sacred days are observed with peculiar solemnity in Mahommedan countries. The one known as the "Sorrowful Day of the Camel" is so named from the battle of Bassora, fought between Ali's adherents and those of Ayesha, the Prophet's widow, when her favourite camel was slain. Another commemoration, called *Mohurrum* (which occurs in September) is dedicated to the memory of Hoosein, the son of Ali, and grandson of Mahommed. Hoosein and a handful of devoted followers were murdered in the desert by order of the Kaliff Yezid, and his melancholy fate has furnished a fruitful theme for the genius of Persian poets, by some of whom it is described with truly Homeric grandeur and pathos.¹⁸ About eighty years later, his martyrdom was cruelly avenged on the Ommeyyades by his partisans, the Abbasides, who nearly exterminated the former, and established their dynasty in the Kalifeh in the one hundred and twenty-eighth year of the Hegira, which corresponds to the seven hundred and fiftieth of our era.

The great annual feast called Ramezan is a moveable one. During thirty days, from early dawn until sunset, no Mussulman is allowed to eat, drink, make merry, expectorate, or smell perfumes ; but when dusk (*assar*) sets in, he can refresh nature at pleasure, "until," says the Koran, "he can plainly distinguish

¹⁸ Before going to Mekkeh, pilgrims visit the Prophet's tomb at Medineh, at which many ceremonies are practised, for an interesting account of which the reader may consult Captain Burton's *Pilgrimage to El Medineh and Mekkeh*, vol. ii. pp. 61—108. At the head of the Prophet's tomb is a splendid copy of the Koran, attached to the curtain by which it is shrouded from the gaze of the profane.

¹⁹ This tragic event is commemorated annually at Teheran in a passion play, enacted by persons specially trained for that purpose. The performance excites among the spectators outbursts of passionate grief and religious frenzy. It is a Persian Oberammergau, without the solemnity and simplicity of the Christian spectacle.

a white from a black thread by daybreak." During Ramezan the faithful are especially bound to give alms. The fast must be rigidly observed for the prescribed time ; but should a Moslem, from indisposition or other cause, be unable to practise this religious obligation, he must fast the same number of days in another month.

Regarded from a merely literary point of view, the Koran will not bear comparison for a moment with the sublime language and pure style of the Bible. Owing to the intermittent manner in which the chapters and verses of the former were transcribed, it presents an incoherent jumble of ideas, a mingling of the sensual and the sublime, and abounds, as we have shown, in contradictions and repetitions. These defects render its perusal wearisome and confusing. Yet, strange to say, with all its puerilities and glaring inconsistencies, that fatal book has not ceased to exert for twelve hundred years its malign influence over a large portion of the human race. It is a dread and portentous outgrowth of the solemn and mysterious East, whence all Divine revelations have come to man, and whence, also, unhappily, have sprung most of those subtle and pernicious heresies which have clouded and perverted these celestial tidings.

Having given this outline of the origin, doctrines, and traditions of Islamism, I shall next trace briefly the causes of its progress, of its decline, and of its bearing on the Eastern Question.

B. ARCHDEKAN-CODY.

The Highlands of San Paulo.

"THERE are divers birds that fly away when storms and winter come, one of those birds am I," said Fleckno, a Catholic traveller to Brazil in the year 1640.

It was a lovely spring morning in September when we arrived at Santos, aboard the R.M.S. *Elbe*, having made the run from Montevideo in three days. The city is about five miles from the sea, up a tidal river, the bar of which has obtained a bad reputation from repeated shipwrecks. About mid-way between the mouth and the city we passed an old fort, which in the time of the buccaneers exchanged many a shot with the pirates of those days. The river spreads into a lake in front of Santos, and on the opposite side wooded mountains rise up from the water, dotted here and there with a cottage or farmhouse.

On landing we found Santos a place of much business, the streets admirably paved and clean, with tramways in all directions. These tramways carried no passengers but only coffee, and the principal street contained numerous great warehouses filled with coffee, the aroma of which was very delicious. It surprised us to see no English, French, or Italian names over the shop-doors or warehouses; they all seemed Portuguese, and yet towards the close of the sixteenth century some English merchants were amongst the founders of the place. We entered a church near the Government House, dedicated to St. Catherine, which was small but clean, and containing a clay statue of the Saint with oyster shells sticking to it. There is a remarkable story connected with this statue; it appears that in 1591 the buccaneer Cavendish sacked the town while the people were at Mass, and plundered the church, taking this statue, which being of little value he threw into the bay, where it lay for more than one hundred years. The anger of Heaven seemed to overtake Cavendish, for on the same voyage, on the way home, he died of a broken heart because, in the words of the historian, "dissensions and disaster marked the rest of the

voyage: two of his vessels, the *Desire* and the *Roebuck*, deserted from him, and the Brazilians killed and captured a number of his men under Commodore Knyvet."

On a hill over the city is a most picturesque-looking convent, but we could not obtain mules to make the ascent, for it rained so heavily in the morning that the mule-owners said the road would be unsafe, being too slippery.

Santos is a place which has advanced greatly, and is much indebted to British enterprise, in the form of the San Paulo railway and the sanitary improvements. It still suffers at times from yellow fever. The population may be thirty or forty thousand souls. We did not see any signs of poverty. The distinguished traveller Captain (now Sir Francis) Burton was Consul here during some years, and set out from here on his great canoe-voyage down the San Francisco river, which is the Mississippi of Brazil; he followed its course two thousand miles till stopped by the Paulo Aphonso Falls, near Pernambuco.

The hill-sides round Santos are clothed with the most luxuriant foliage and lovely flowering trees, amongst which we saw the *cobea scandens* with its purple hanging flowers, and trees with yellow blossoms that looked like burnished gold in the sunshine. Wild passion-flowers intermingle with and twine themselves round the trunks of the larger trees, or the shining stems of the bamboos, which look like waving plumes with their graceful foliage.

Away to the south is the maze of a virgin forest, where nature seems to tempt the botanist in her home of mystery. There are palms of every kind, screw pines, camphor trees, immense aloes, sago palms, mangoes and plantains, mixing in the most delightful confusion with lianas or rope-plants, which form a natural tapestry for exquisite creepers, which are trying to catch a glimpse of the sun, whose rays now and then penetrate the network of leaves. The ugly sumambaia, or sloth tree, is also to be seen, sometimes stripped of all its leaves by a sloth who fastens on it and never leaves it till he has devoured every leaf.¹ Now and then a giant of the forest falls and becomes a garden for innumerable ferns and orchids; a French botanist said "that it would take a fortnight to botanize one of these trees," so luxuriant is the vegetation in this prolific country that every seed appears to grow wherever it is deposited.

¹ So fond is this animal of this particular tree that it derives its name from this, as sumambaia means sloth-tree.

The ascent to the plains of Piratininga (where the city of San Paulo now stands), which was once so formidable, has been facilitated by the famous San Paulo railway, made by English engineers with great labour, running in zig-zag lines, parapetted where there are precipices, and tunnelled through huge rocks. We left Santos by the afternoon train for San Paulo. It was a swampy country for some miles, with patches of sugar-cane or bananas, around a few scattered straw huts. Before long we came in sight of the Serra Cubaton range of mountains, about five or six thousand feet in height and very precipitous. Arriving at Raiz de Serra (literally, foot of the hill) we found a pretty little station, with several workshops; the women and children at the latter seemed English. Here the engine was detached, and the train broken up into parts of two or three carriages each, the ascent being made by means of three inclined planes, up which the carriages are drawn by a steel-wire rope, worked by a powerful engine at the top.

When you look up at the first inclined plane the railway seems as steep as a flight of stairs, but once on the incline you feel as if in an ordinary carriage going up a hill. Of course if the steel rope were to break it would mean destruction, but so careful are the railway people that no passengers have met such an accident in the thirty years that the railway has been open. Once when a goods train was descending it broke loose, but the engine-driver and guard saved their lives by jumping off. At the top of the first incline there was a level of a couple of hundred yards, where we saw more workshops and English children. Then we began to ascend the second plane, a little steeper than the first, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain. The line of the railway climbed over the shoulder of the mountain, a precipice of several thousand feet opening on our left. The bridges and drains, the latter cut in the rock, were splendid works of engineering, and as the torrents and cascades leaped down from the heights above us, their water was caught by dams and walls of masonry, showing what labour and patience had been expended in making the railway.

The third incline seemed to me the steepest of all, and when we reached the top the train was again put together. The ascent of the three planes took nearly an hour, as we had to wait for the other parts of the train to be drawn up in succession. I forgot to say that on the third incline we met a couple of carriages descending, the passengers being mostly

Italian peasants, and the weight of their train serving to draw us up without any help from the engine-house at the summit.

The next ten miles of our course was over tremendous gorges, so deep that you could not see the bottom. At one place there was a narrow defile between two mountains, spanned by a bridge; sustaining a heavy train at such a height, it made us shudder, reminding us of the Suspension-bridge at Niagara, which sways and creaks under a single pony-carriage. Far as the eye can range you see forests of various trees, covering all the slopes of Serra Cubaton, till lost in the valleys, over which the shades of night were beginning to close in, as we descended the mountain gradually and easily to the city of San Paulo.

In the year 1553, the King of Portugal sent out D. Duarte da Costa as Governor to this distant province, belonging to the Crown of Portugal. Seven Jesuits accompanied the Governor. They were sent by St. Ignatius, who had already perceived the importance of this mission, which had been established by Father Manuel de Nobrega and his companions in Bahia in the year 1549. Southey mentions that the Jesuits met with the greatest difficulties in their work of conversion, not only with the native tribes of savages, but also from their own countrymen who had settled there. During the half-century that the colonization of Brazil had been left to chance, the colonists were almost without law and religion. They were of that class of men upon whom the fear of God had no effect, and the Mamelucos, or Mestizos, were the worst. These were the children of foreigners and natives, and were always the bitter enemies of the Jesuits, because the latter strenuously opposed slave-dealing. On the arrival in Brazil of the seven Jesuits, among whom were Luis de Grane, who had been Rector of a College at Coimbra, and Joseph de Anchieta, then quite a young man, but afterwards known as the Thaumaturgus of the New World, St. Ignatius erected Brazil into an independent province and appointed Fathers Nobrega and Luis de Grane first Provincials. Nobrega's first act was to establish a college in the plains of Piratininga. Thirteen of the company under Manuel de Paiva were sent here. Anchieta went with them as schoolmaster, and as their first Mass was celebrated on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, they named the College after the Saint, a name, as Southey says, which extended to the town that arose there, and has become famous in South

America. "Here we are," says Father Anchieta in a letter written to St. Ignatius, "sometimes more than twenty of us in a little hut of wicker-work and mud, roofed with straw, fourteen paces long and ten wide. This is the infirmary, dormitory, refectory, kitchen, and store-room. Yet we covet not the more spacious dwellings which our brethren inhabit in other parts, for our Lord Jesus Christ was in a straiter place when it was His pleasure to be born among beasts in a manger; and when He deigned to die for us upon the Cross." Day and night did this indefatigable man labour amongst the natives and Mamelucos; he taught them Latin and learned from them the Tupinamba language, of which he composed the first grammar and vocabulary ever made. As he had no books, he wrote a separate lesson on a leaf for each of his pupils, after the day's work was done. "I serve," says he in another letter to St. Ignatius, "as physician and barber, physicking and bleeding the Indians, and some of them have recovered under my hands when their lives were not expected, because others had died of the same diseases. Besides these employments I have learnt another trade which necessity taught me, that is, to make alpargatas. I am now a good workman at this, and have made many for the brethren, for it is not possible to travel with leathern shoes among these wilds. The alpargata is a sort of shoe, of which the upper part is made of hemp."

The Mameluco settlement of St. Andres, a short distance off, was a great annoyance to the Jesuits, as Ramalho, the head of it, was a noted slave-dealer, a kind of land pirate. The Governor, Mem de Sa, resolved to transfer the seat of government at the instigation of the Jesuits, because there was no priest at the other place; the flag was therefore planted in front of the Jesuit College. Such was the foundation of the city which was destined to be the source of so much trouble and affliction to the Jesuits in South America, owing to the terrible and repeated raids made by these same Mamelucos or Paulistas upon the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, sweeping off men, women, and children into slavery. After one of these raids they sold forty thousand captives in the market-place of San Paulo, from £10 to £50 a head. In many cases they murdered the Jesuit priests and sacked the churches; any captives that were unable to continue afoot the journey to San Paulo, were ruthlessly butchered by the roadside.

The San Paulo of to-day has an air of dignity and wealth.

Many of the coffee-nobles of Brazil have palaces here; they are descendants of the above-mentioned sanguinary Mamelucos. The public buildings are fine, the streets narrow and winding, but smoothly paved, and the shops well stocked with goods. Everything is dear, that is, if imported, having to pay for transport from Santos. Even Drake and Hawkins did not venture to come so far inland. There is a beautiful public park, with a variety of the flora and timber of Brazil, and most of the houses on the outskirts of the town have gardens filled with the most lovely flowers. Pontsettias five and six feet high, fuchsia trees, bougainvillas, begonias, gleichenias, huge arums with shield-like leaves, and the exquisite gardenias, which almost make the air too heavy with their delicious odour. Birds, butterflies, and flowers seem to vie with each other in brilliancy of colour in this tropical region. In shady places we came upon some beautiful ferns. We had not time to make a large collection, but Hinchliffe, the Alpine traveller, mentions that he has collected two hundred and fifty different kinds in one day, amongst which was the rare and exquisite *adiantum lunulatum*. This curious form of maiden-hair is simply pinnate, and does not branch; the rachis is almost as fine as a hair, and when it is about a foot long it droops down to the ground and takes root from the end like a strawberry-runner, repeating the process perpetually.

San Paulo is the centre of a country abounding in picturesque scenery and great coffee plantations, the owners of which are among the richest people in the world. Coffee is the principal product of Brazil, and the coffee tax constitutes the largest share of the Government revenue. The plantations are mostly on the hill side, just like the vineyards in Spain, with this difference, that the coffee-plant when full-grown has darker green leaves, more like a Portugal laurel, and grows about seven or eight feet high, its white star-shaped flower contrasting well with the darkness of the foliage. The tiled Fazenda house, which we visited, was surrounded by cocoanut palms, planted at a short distance from the verandah and a little in front was the *terreira*, a round space of about an acre, floored with concrete and surrounded by a low wall. This is where the berries are dried in the sun. The process takes usually sixty days, the negroes continually turning them up with shovels, or covering them when it rains. A little beyond the dwelling-house are a number of other tiled houses clustered together,

these are the negroes' quarters; there are usually from one hundred to five hundred slaves engaged in a plantation. November is the principal gathering month, and from sunrise to sunset men, women, and children are gathering the berries in baskets, working silently and steadily under the overseer's eye.

Every day each slave gathers, on the average, berries enough to produce fifty pounds of dried coffee. The pickings are collected in carts and brought to the mill-house, where the seeds must be prepared for market. The coffee-berry is a little larger than a cranberry, and something like one in appearance. Each of the two seeds is enveloped in a delicate membrane, the *pergaminho*: this being strongly adherent, can only be removed by much rubbing even when the seed is dry. Outside of the *pergaminho* there is a thicker and less adherent covering, the *casquinho*. The two seeds with their respective inner and outer coverings, are together enveloped in a tough shell, the *caseo*, which, in turn, is surrounded by a thin white pulp, and outer skin, forming the berry. Nearly all the processes of preparation seek, first, the removal of the outer pulp by maceration in water; second, the drying of the seeds with their coverings; third, the removal of the several coverings after they are dry. To these three processes is sometimes added a fourth, by which the seeds are sorted according to their forms and sizes.

There are still a million of slaves in Brazil, but the religious orders in 1880 set a good example by freeing all their slaves, which has been imitated by several wealthy planters at their death. Moreover, each State and municipality sets apart an annual sum for the freedom of slaves by purchase. The emancipation movement may be said to have commenced in 1873 with the distinguished statesman, Viscount Paranhos, through whose efforts was passed a law by which all children of slaves were born free. It is supposed that in ten years there will be no more slaves in Brazil. The great want of the country is population, for although it is just the same extent as the United States, it has barely ten million inhabitants. Much of it is of little use, but there is still an abundance of land fit to grow or produce anything, where millions of Europeans, with the climate no hotter than Sicily or Andalusia, could find homes, happiness, and affluence. An eloquent Brazilian writer has observed with much truth:

Such misery and so much want in the Old World! Here such neglected wealth, and so much that can make life happy! Lands that

will fructify every manner of plant and grain cast into their bosom, shoals of fish to feed the poor, a wealth of precious stones and ores, a channel easily connecting with the outer world! But the age will come, and the day has dawned, when men shall flock to these unknown regions, when gardens, quays, and works of art, shall adorn the river-side, when town and village shall whiten the plain, and when the voices of a happy people shall be heard where the profound solitude and silence are now broken only by the moan of the dove, by the scream of the night-bird, and by the baying of the wild dog.

We left San Paulo a little after daybreak by rail for Cachoeira. The aspect of the country was for several miles monotonous and barren, with here and there some scattered huts and a few lean cattle. As we plunged into the interior our route lay between ranges of hills thickly coated with forest. We were in the backwoods of Brazil where neither roads nor houses were seen. Solitude on all sides. Then a more open country succeeded, until we reached a village called Guaratinguetã, famous for a kind of dough-nuts, which served for our breakfast.

It was mid-day when the train stopped at Cachoeira, a well-built town on the River Parahyba. During the next one hundred miles our route followed the course of this river, sometimes through wide valleys, sometimes round the foot of a steep hill-range. Now and then we saw coffee-plantations resembling hop-gardens, climbing up the mountain-side; the men and women were at work, mostly with hoes, and the plants looked clean and healthy.

At Barra we came to the junction with the Pedro Segundo trunk line, about sundown. From here there was a succession of tunnels, viaducts, embankments, and bridges till the train reached a height of more than three thousand feet, the view every now and then taking in magnificent glimpses of plain, valley, forest, and mountain. And when the moon rose, bright and clear, the picture was one of surpassing beauty. It was a panorama of the most varied and unrivalled scenery. In fact there is nothing else on earth to compare with the richness and luxuriant splendour of Brazil, whether in all the fervid heat of noon-day, or by the pale brilliancy of tropical moonlight.

"The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky" long before we reached Rio Janeyro. We had travelled three hundred miles since morning, but did not feel the least fatigued, the charms of the scenery having completely disguised the length of the journey.

M. MULHALL.

London Lodging-Houses.

IN the December number of the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Mulhall employs his unrivalled powers as a statistician in examining the moral and material progress of England during the last ten years. The evidence he adduces, founded on well-weighed and unimpeachable statistics, is in every single point in our favour, save only in the proportion of births to marriages. In this single unfavourable symptom he sees an indication of physical decadence. We do not venture to dispute the judgment of so eminent an authority. Indeed, we can scarcely wonder at physical decadence when we remember the continually increasing numbers of the population who live in large cities where there are so many conditions of life unfavourable to robustness and bodily strength. But with this one exception all the evidence is on the right side. There is a diminution in the death-rate alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Pauperism is steadily on the decline, having sunk from 41 per cent. in 1870 to 29 per cent. in 1880, to 27 per cent. in 1885. Crime is also becoming less. During ten years, from 1870 to 1879, 69 per 100,000 of the inhabitants were annually sent to prison, during the last five years only 59. The attendance at primary schools has increased 68 per cent. in ten years; letters per inhabitant are now 37 annually as compared with 30 in the decade preceding 1880; while the temperance league may be congratulated on the steady diminution in the consumption of beer, wine, and spirits to an amount of 30 per cent. within the last ten years. On the other hand we consume more meat, tea and sugar, and have nearly doubled our deposits in savings banks and mutual societies.

All this is very cheering and we are inclined to be converted to a thoroughgoing national optimism. But we are not so sure that these undeniable evidences of more respectability and less crime, of more intelligence and prudence and power of self-help, really means more *supernatural* virtue and less vice, more love of God and our neighbours, more true religion and less moral degradation among the masses. We fear it is rather the contrary, and that growing material prosperity too often carries

with it an increase of religious indifferentism. There is, moreover, a certain section of the lowest class who, though they are not actually paupers, live continually on the verge of pauperism, and their numbers increase with the growth of our large cities. They are a difficulty to the legislator. They are not as a rule criminals, but most of them are next door to criminals. They live an utterly precarious and too often an utterly vicious life. They have no fixed homes and no fixed occupations. They are out of the way of any sort of religious influence. We do not suppose that one in a thousand of them is ever seen in any church or chapel, if we except the Catholics among them. We fear that even they are but rarely present at Holy Mass and not unfrequently lose their faith altogether.

We are speaking of the class whose usual habitat is the common lodging-house. The technical name for it, "doss-'ouse" or "kip-'ouse." We imagine that the origin of the word kip-'ouse is that it is the house where the inmates *keep* or stay for the night. Doss-'ouse altogether defies our power of verbal analysis. Each lodger or dosser pays fourpence a night, and every such lodging-house has to comply with certain Government regulations. The houses are liable at any moment to a visit from an inspector, and the inspectors are appointed by the Commissioners of Police; There is no doubt that, bad as is the present state of things, it was infinitely worse before the Common Lodging-Houses Act passed its salutary provisions. Before the Act of 1851 there were no separate beds, but the lodgers lay promiscuously together, men, women, and children in undistinguishable heaps, whereas at the present time there are separate rooms for men and women, and the beds, at least in large towns, are single. There was also formerly no limit to the number crowded into a room, whereas now each room has only a limited number of inmates, which is fixed by the inspector. When we shudder at the evils which prevail at present in doss-'ouses we must remember that they were far worse forty years since. The law may somehow be indifferently carried out, but it cannot be denied that it has been most salutary in its effects.

An interesting account has lately been written of various London lodging-houses,¹ by one who has submitted himself to the painful process of passing the night in many of them.

¹ *Dottings of a Dosser*. Being Revelations of the inner life of low London Lodging Houses. By Howard J. Goldsmid. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square.

The picture he draws is a vivid, and we feel sure a truthful one. There is much in it to fill us with horror as our readers will presently see, but nevertheless as we put down the little volume, we do not see that the evils which exist are such as could be met by legislation, or indeed surpass the expectation we should beforehand have entertained of any such place where the lowest class do congregate. We have always to be on our guard against identifying the misery the educated man suffers in such a place with what is felt by the very differently constituted class to which the average inmates belong. Nay, what is inexpressibly revolting to the taste and other senses of those who are delicately bred is often a matter of indifference, or perhaps a source of positive relish and enjoyment to those who have been reared amid filth and coarseness. The rancid bacon, from which our readers would turn away in disgust, is delicious to the palate of the coloured men of the Southern States of America: the tripe, and whelks, and highly flavoured dainties which the upper class regards with abhorrence, are dear to the simpler stomachs of those who live in a different social and physical atmosphere.

But yet making all allowance for the blunter sensibilities of the inmates of lodging-houses, the picture drawn by their educated visitor is sad enough—sad not so much because of the physical misery as by reason of the moral degradation. In the moral order there is the same standard for every class. The law of God binds alike the man of refinement and the common labourer or beggar in the streets; and if the latter, by reason of his ignorance and his many disadvantages, is comparatively excusable in the sight of God; yet for him, as for his cultured brother, there is the same moral obligation and the same light of nature proclaiming it with a voice which cannot be mistaken, and the same accusing conscience to him who by mortal sin separates himself from God, the same Heaven to win, the same Hell to fear.

Our keenest pity and compassion as we look into one of these common lodging-houses is for the poor children brought up in a moral atmosphere where God is unknown save in the curses and blasphemy which are too often the staple of the conversation of the inmates. Physically the poor "kip-'ouse kids" are indeed in lamentable condition, surrounded by foul smells, a poisonous atmosphere and

perpetual unwholesomeness; ill-fed, often cruelly treated and half starved, they are generally stunted, unhealthy, and prematurely old. Almost all of them, says our eyewitness, suffer from ophthalmia, or some eye disease; many die yearly from consumption or some kindred ailments. Scrofulous and syphilitic complaints are very commonly found among them. But their moral condition is still worse.

The surroundings of the children brought up in the common lodging-houses of the metropolis are soul-destroying as well as physically injurious. Their companions are the children of thieves and beggars; their guides and instructors are thieves and beggars themselves. The language that is constantly used in their hearing is of the foulest. The habits practised by those who surround them are filthy and degrading. Their parents and companions are ignorant of, or inimical to, religion. In many cases such children never hear the name of God at all, unless it is associated with a curse. Nor must it be forgotten that many of them have never seen, nor are they ever likely to see, the inside of a school. Their parents, or many of them, have a rooted and inveterate objection to education. "It makes the kids cocky," said one man to me, "and puts 'em above their perfession"—the said "perfession" being in most cases begging or stealing. The parents are enabled to avoid sending their little ones to school, mainly because they have no fixed residence, and it is difficult to follow them up; and partly, also, because of the natural reluctance of school-board officers to penetrate into the worst of these dens (pp. 41, 42).

But we must accompany our adventurous explorer into one of those lodging-houses, situated in the East End of London. The blinds that ornament the windows bear the delusive inscription:

J. COONEY'S GOOD LODGINGS.
Single Bed, 4d. Double Bed, 8d.

The fourpence paid, the stranger is ushered into the kitchen of the establishment, a small room surrounded by a sort of counter in front of which stood some rough wooden benches.

An enormous coke fire made one end of the room insufferably hot. On one side a door opened into a small yard, and every time it was opened, a horrible stench pervaded the little kitchen, compelling the uninitiated stranger to brave the draught at the entrance in order to obtain a little fresh air, or what in Thrawl Street is so designated. The walls and ceiling were black and dirty, the room stuffy, close, ill-ventilated and stenchful beyond expression.

On the benches a couple of lads were stretched snoring. They must have been tired indeed to have been able to sleep with the Babel

around them. One man was eating a supper, of course consisting of the inevitable "addick," while another was discussing the existence of religion with a loud voice, an abundance of gesture, and an equal abundance, perhaps a superfluity, of oaths. There were only three ladies there when I entered: one a very respectable-looking old person in black, whom I soon discovered to be about the worst of the lot, as far as blasphemy and obscenity were concerned; the second was the helpmate of the gentleman who had such a rooted antipathy to religion, and she sat listening in open-mouthed wonder to his eloquence; and the third was a girl, who sat on the hearth with her head against the side of the mantelpiece, fast asleep. There was a worn, weary expression on her countenance that was pitiful to see (p. 30).

The philosopher who was laying down the law respecting matters religious did not confine himself to this topic only. He was no less dogmatic in his assertions on questions of military discipline, Church ritual, political economy, jurisprudence, medical science, and the higher education of women. On all these subjects he was equally well versed, and the extent of his knowledge appeared in his positive statement that the Premier for the time being was the *ex officio* head of the Church of England. We may remark in passing that although this worthy politician was technically incorrect in overlooking the exalted position of her Gracious Majesty, as "in all matters ecclesiastical as well as civil we have her dominion supreme," yet there was a certain underlying foundation in fact for his statement. But at least he ought to have "distinguished" the proposition, instead of maintaining its absolute truth, with frightful oaths, and repelling with more force than courtesy one of those present who ventured to call it in dispute.

When our visitor first entered, the two sleeping lads, the politician, and the three ladies were the only guests, but as the evening drew on others began to drop in. Let us see what are the kind of men and women who frequent the "doss-'ouse." First a man with a sleeping child who waits in sad anxiety while his wife tries to borrow the few coppers necessary for a shelter over their heads on that cold chilly night. They had been walking about all day, but not a copper had been given them, and now, if the money could not be borrowed, there was nothing for it but to walk the streets, sitting down from time to time when the policeman's eagle eye could be avoided. Presently in came the wife, a poor consumptive-looking woman—her errand had failed, and they would have had to turn out into the cold had it not been for the charity of one of those present.

Our readers have probably little notion of the numbers who spend the night in the open air.

Thrawl Street, Flower and Dean Street, Dorset Street, Parker Street, and similar thoroughfares, are, night after night, thronged with "dossers" who have no money for a night's shelter. They lie on the kerbstone, in the gutters, on heaps of rubbish, anywhere; or walk up and down with their hands in their pockets, and their dull, sleepy eyes, almost closed. Some of them, of course, are wastrels on whom it would be idle to lavish any pity; but a considerable number are men and women who are, or have been, honest labouring folk, whom the depression of trade, which has for so many years blighted the happiness of the industrial population, has ruined. Some of the men have been walking about seeking for work since six o'clock in the morning, or even earlier. They have hung about the docks or the markets the whole day, and very possibly have not earned even a penny. The women and children are even more to be pitied, the latter especially so. I am acquainted with the case of a woman who tries to earn a living by hawking clothes-pegs, sometimes in London, and sometimes in the country. She tramps about with three little children, and during the whole of the winter of 1885-86 not one of them slept under a roof. Nor is this an exceptional or isolated instance. Many a stunted, sickly child, who, after lingering out a wretched, unwholesome existence, a burden to itself and its protectors, "goes into a decline," and succumbs at last to disease, can trace the inception of its malady to the nights it has spent crouched in a doorway, or huddled in a heap upon the pavement. The churches and churchyards, too, or such of them as afford any accommodation, have always their share of hungry, ragged men and women, hanging on to the railings, or crouching down by the walls. Christ Church, Spitalfields, and St. George's Church, Borough, are examples. Every night there are dozens of homeless creatures, male and female, half-leaning, half-lying on the low rail-topped wall that surrounds each building (pp. 74, 75).

But to return to the "dossers" gathered in the hutches at Cooney's. The next arrival was an old woman, big, gaunt, and shrivelled, and half drunk, who, having included the whole company in a general imprecation by way of friendly greeting, approached the fire, lamenting that she had neither a pipe to smoke nor the money to buy one. The writer from whose account we are drawing our little sketch, in a moment of foolish charity, offered her his own, but he little expected the result. The old lady, in the fervour of her maudlin gratitude, attempted to throw her bony arms around his neck and reward him with a kiss by way of thanks for his kindness, and he only escaped the delicate attention by speedy retreat.

Next came in a decent woman with her child, a pretty little boy, bearing with her morsels of bread and dried fish for their common supper. She was a poor widow, who had seen better days, and who kept apart from the low coarse talk around. Then came lurching in another old woman, more drunk than the former, and one or two other men completed the company. Meanwhile the visitor's attention was attracted by another little inmate of the house, whose duty apparently was to wait upon the guests.

From the underground kitchen already referred to issued every few minutes a flaxen-haired child about eight years of age, clad in the tattered remains of an old red frock. Her face wore a wonderfully old and cunning expression, but was woefully pale and wasted withal. Her arms looked thin and—there is no other expression that will serve—brittle, as though you could have snapped them with a touch. Each time that she emerged from the other kitchen carrying some article of domestic use, she passed through the passage on the other side, where she was greeted with sounds as of a drunken mother's upbraidings. By and by—she had been at work more than an hour, and this was nearly midnight—she brought a little child up in her arms, and, stumbling at every step (for her burden was far too heavy for her), disappeared in the passage for the last time that evening. She did her work well, poor little thing, but in a dull, heart-broken sort of way, and the expression on her poor pinched face said as plainly as words could do, "Won't anybody help me?" (pp. 31, 32).

But the night wears on, and our visitor has had enough of the foul odours of the doss-house kitchen. We must quote his description of the bed-rooms of one of the best of these lodging-houses. He quits the kitchen and seeks the couch distinguished by the number 259.

The night-porter takes me in charge, and shows me where I am to "doss." Up a narrow, ill-lighted staircase we go, the boards creaking unpleasantly beneath our feet, until we reach the second floor. Here the night-porter bids me "good-night," promising to call me at half-past four. And for the first time I begin to realize what a very unpleasant task, to say the least of it, is now before me.

The room is ill-ventilated, stuffy, and unpleasant. The beds are narrow wooden structures about a foot high, and are packed so closely together that there is no room for a man to stand between them. There are notices at each end of the room, posted in compliance with the Act regulating these places, which state how many beds are permitted by the inspector, whose signature is appended, to be placed in the room. . . . I undress, placing my clothes under my pillow, partly to raise it to something like a reasonable height, and partly in order to

prevent the disappearance of my apparel during the night—a precaution which is adopted by most in the room, and which speaks volumes as to the character of my neighbours. Turning down the bed-clothes, I discover that the rug, the two dirty sheets, and the scanty coverlid bear this inscription :

“ Stolen from
J. SMITH,
Beehive Chambers,
Brick Lane.”

So that any larcenous intention I might have harboured is hopelessly frustrated (pp. 22, 23).

It is some little time before I am enabled to sleep. The stertorous breathing of my fellow-dossers disturbs me. Half-drunken and wholly-drunken men are continually lurching up the stairs and knocking against the corners, until I wondered how they contrived to reach the top at all; the noise of street-brawls is borne in though the open windows; and, lastly, “chamois-hunting occupies a considerable portion of my time, and keeps me, as one of my neighbours observes, “on the keevevers.” At length I fall asleep, but only for an hour—an hour of restless tossing to and fro, of unrefreshing dozes, of starts and twitchings, and most unpleasant dreams—and then I wake up to find that the room is full now, and that the foul breath of the drunken fellows who lie there like so many hogs, snoring and grunting with far more sonority than melody, has poisoned the air so that it seems almost plague-stricken. Many of them are stark naked; most thin and emaciated; all filthy and wretched. Beds, sheets, coverlids, are all covered with vermin, and the walls are spotted with foul creeping things almost as large as cockroaches. It is disgusting! It is horrible!

Hastily, and with a feeling of inexpressible nausea, I huddle on my clothes. Down the stairs I creep, and through the dirty passage into the grey dawn-light. The cool morning breeze feels more delicious than words can express, and to me hot and fevered, sick and faint as I am, it is the keenest of pleasures to feel that I am quit of the horrible place in which the last few hours have been spent.

Allowing for a certain exuberance of narrative on the part of our visitor, and for the different sensibilities of the educated and uneducated which we have already mentioned, there is no doubt that these lodging-houses are in most cases very miserable places, and that the scenes which take place in them, and the habitual conversation of those who frequent them, are a disgrace to our civilization. Our writer blames the system of inspection, and seems to think it does more harm than good. It enables the lodging-house keeper or his “deppity” to allow all kinds of mischief so long as he keeps within the letter of the law. He

declares the inspection to be a farce, and the inspectors open to bribery. This may be the case; but, appointed as they are by the Commissioners of Police, we can hardly believe that they do not share the high standard of honesty and fidelity that characterizes in general that excellent body of men.

We must refer our readers to the sensational little book from which our extracts have been taken for a more detailed description of London lodging-houses and their inmates. He represents their condition as intolerably bad. Taking his own testimony, and judging from that alone, we cannot follow him in his denunciation of the system as such. The lodging-houses are full of moral corruption, it is true. But what else can be expected in a country where the great mass of the lower class are practically Pagans and live an utterly and entirely godless life, where there is no organization which has any power really to touch the hearts of the poor and miserable, or to convey to them those truths of religion which seem to be dying out of the English mind? What can be expected while our children are reared in godless schools and never trained to any love of Jesus Christ and of His Holy Mother Mary? It is the growing heathendom of England which gives rise to the evils complained of, or at least to the worst of them. No amount of legislation would mend matters. The establishment of a Limited Liability Company which should provide lodging-houses, well regulated, clean, thoroughly ventilated, and watched over by those who should look to the welfare of the inmates as well as their own pockets, might do some good, though we are not sure that they would be very popular with the class of "dossers." They would rather dislike the absence of the familiar dirt, and would find no pleasure in the fresh air and wholesome odours of a well-ventilated "doss-ouse." They would certainly resent any attempt to check blasphemy or obscene language. The house would soon be empty of inmates, and prove a failure. There is no doubt that the profits of a lodging-house are often enormously large, but we do not believe a really model lodging-house would be a profitable speculation. That the inner life of low London lodging-houses is a blot on Christian civilization we have no doubt whatever, but it is only one blot out of many, and we do not believe that there is any hope of its disappearance until "the old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new."

*The Guilt or Innocence of the Jesuit Father
Petre, Member of the Privy Council under
James the Second.*

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1. Correspondence between James the Second and the Pope—The King's exoneration of Father Petre. 2. The Jesuit Superiors. 3. The Life and Correspondence of Father Petre—A Summary. 4. The charge of incapacity—Conclusion.
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III.

IN our recent review of the literature referring to Father Petre we showed on historic and on intrinsic grounds the unreliable character of those expressions of opinion respecting him which are usually attributed to the pen of James the Second. We shall now lay before the reader the genuine letters of the English King. These authentic documents will explain the King's real sentiments, they will discover the actual author and promoter of Father Petre's advancement, and they will disclose the motives on which that promotion was desired and so persistently urged. We shall produce the letters in chronological order. The first letter of James the Second to Innocent the Eleventh on the subject of Father Petre's promotion is dated London, October 9, 1685.¹ After notifying his intention of sending an Ambassador to Rome, the King continues :

. . . In the meantime there is one thing that permits of no delay, namely, the speediest possible succour of our Court by such aids as may be expected to promote the service of God and the increase of piety. We have deemed nothing more conducive to this end than the appointment of a fit person as Bishop *in partibus*. . . As the care of nominating a suitable person lies on us, we have after mature consideration resolved *proprio motu* to nominate, as we herewith nominate, the noble-born and illustrious Dominus Edward Petre, professed religious of the Society of Jesus, for whom may your Holiness deign to send us, as soon as possible, Apostolic Letters for his consecration as Bishop, with the title *in partibus*, as it may seem good to your Holiness. An experience of several years has assured us that the person we propose

¹ Record Office, Roman Transcripts (Bliss) 1669—1685, No. 37.

to your Holiness is by learning, piety, and prudence eminently deserving of the dignity and most devoted to the Holy See. During the hard times just past he has endured many years' imprisonment and suffering with a rare constancy and zeal for the cause of religion, and in many things he was almost indispensable to us; we hope also that by his aid much in the future will be accomplished for the Church and Catholicism. It would be too long to enumerate all the grave reasons that have moved us to think that this promotion will be of advantage to our kingdom. . . .

The Pope's answer, containing a refusal for which the reasons alleged were the Constitutions of the Society and the maintenance of religious discipline, was dated November 24, 1685.² To this letter the King replied on June 16, 1687.

Most Holy Father—[the first part of the letter relates to the English Ambassador at Rome]. . . . We must confess, however, that it is of great grief to us, that the advancement of the Rev. Father Edward Petre to the episcopal dignity should be attended with such great and unexpected obstacles. We the more readily interested ourselves in his favour (to omit his great abilities and known deserts) because we are thoroughly convinced of the zeal with which he hath applied himself to the Catholic interest and to our own, and because in a more exalted position he would be of greater service to posterity. . . . But if any counsel which your Holiness may think proper to adhere to, may render your will adverse to this our desire, and we should not, for this reason, out of respect to your Holiness, urge the affair any further, we trust that your Holiness will think it reasonable, at our petition, to confer upon the Rev. Father the dignity of a Cardinal, since there are many examples among the flock of Christ of those who have obtained that honour. . . .³

Here again the King grounds his importunity both on his high estimation of the abilities and deserts of the Father, and on the conviction that the interests of the Church and the State require his advancement to a more influential position. The King's wishes are clearly sincere and earnest. In their support he urges on the one hand his own services to the Church, and on the other the examples of similar preferments.

The third letter we quote was sent in answer to the Pope's second refusal, that of the 16th of August.⁴ This reply of the

² L.c. f. 295.

³ British Museum, *Add. MSS.* n. 9,341, f. 4; also in n. 15,396, f. 322; and in the Record Office (Roman Transcripts). English translation in the *Records* V. 277.

⁴ British Museum, *Add. MSS.* n. 9,341, f. 7. Dodd, *Church History of England*, Brussels, 1742. 3,511. The second part of the letter is translated in the *Records*, V. 278.

Pope did not give fresh reasons for his refusal, but referred the King to the Archbishop of Amasia. On September 24, 1687, the King replied and again urged Father Petre's promotion.⁵ Of the genuineness and the validity of the reasons thus pleaded by James the Second, even Sunderland at that period seemed convinced, for his letter to the King's Secretary at Rome expresses approbation. It is dated from Windsor, September 25, 1687, and runs thus :

Sir,—The King commanded me to send you the enclosed letter [the King's] to the Pope for making Father Petre a Cardinal, which he would have you deliver as soon as you can, and accompany it with such expressions in his Majesty's name as shall be proper on this occasion. His Majesty depends very much on your care, prudence, and experience in that Court, to bring this matter to a good issue ; and would therefore have you, with all the address and diligence you can, endeavour by such means as may be most effectual to obtain the satisfaction his Majesty expects in this request, which is so reasonable and of so great advantage to his service, that it can hardly be imagined it should admit of any difficulty.⁶

The explanations that accompanied the Pope's reply of November 22, 1687,⁷ put the King in possession of the chief motives of the Pope's refusal, and on December 22, 1687, he replied by a justification of Father Petre :

Most Holy Father,—Immediately on our coming to know that it had been intimated to your Holiness, that Father Edward Petre had from ambitious motives continually solicited us to make application to your Holiness for the Cardinalate, we judged it for our honour and reputation's sake, and in justice to him, to make this attestation, that solely of our own accord, and led thereunto by the most weighty reasons, we have renewed our petitions to your Holiness ; and the more so, as long experience has shown the said Father to be endowed with the highest virtues and merits, and both able, and burning with fervent desire to aid and assist the Catholic Church and your Holiness ; and that although he has greatly suffered in the cause of our Catholic faith, yet he could not be frightened from his purpose by any show of danger ; nor in truth have we so much an eye to the said Father in this affair, as to the Church itself, being convinced that his promotion will be of infinite service to the advancing and propagating the same. To this

⁵ British Museum, *Add. MSS.* n. 9,341, f. 11. Dodd, *Church History of England*. English translation *Records*, V. 278, seq.

⁶ *Records*, V. 279.

⁷ British Museum, *Add. MSS.* n. 9,341. Dodd, *Church History of England*. English translation *Records*, V. 279, seq.

may we add that he is by no means caught by the prospect of the sacred purple, nor is there any one whose soul has so utter an aversion to any kind of canvassing for honours. . . .⁸

The King's letters were presented in no ordinary way. They were accompanied by a special memorial drawn up by the King's agent at Rome. The document is expressed in equally clear and emphatic terms :

Whereas, it has been suggested to your Holiness that the Rev. Father Edward Petre, of the Society of Jesus, has been the promoter and carrier on of the King of Great Britain's instances in his behalf, the agent of his Britannic Majesty (as he is obliged in duty) does humbly expose to your Holiness, that the said suggestion, being utterly false, is most derogatory to his Majesty's honour, injurious to his affairs, and defamatory to the known innocence and virtue of the said Father.

The King's honour does apparently suffer by the said suggestion, because he has not only written many letters to your Holiness, but to Cardinal Howard, to show that his instances are purely his own. The like he had also several times declared to his Privy Council, and both by word of mouth and by instructions in writing, has commanded all his Ministers who have had the happiness to be at your most holy feet, to signify the same to your Holiness. The King's affairs also, especially those which relate to religion, suffer greatly by the said suggestions, not only by exposing to continual scoffs and uneasiness the said Father, to whom his Majesty has still confided the management of them, but by increasing and confirming the animosities and jealousies of his most violent Protestant subjects ; as if his Majesty neither did nor could do anything without being influenced and managed by the Jesuits, who being looked upon in our kingdom as the greatest champions of the Catholic religion, have in all the late persecutions still suffered most, and are still most of all struck at.

The reputation of the said Father suffers also very much, not only because his humility and piety are conspicuous to all that know him, but it is most certain that, ever since he perceived misunderstandings likely to arise on his account between your Holiness and his Majesty, he has still earnestly pressed to retire, which causes no small disquiet to his Majesty, he having several times expressed that should he by any accident lose the said Father, he knew not well where to find another so diligent, faithful, and well versed in the affairs he confides to him.⁹

⁸ British Museum, *Add. MSS.* n. 9,341, f. 25. English translation, *Records* V. 280. To the Father General of the Jesuits, the King wrote in similar terms, see *Brit. Mus.* l. c. f. 28. Confer also Sunderland's instructions to the King's agent at Rome. Original, *Brit. Mus.* l. c. f. 31. *Records*, V. 231.

⁹ *Brit. Mus.* l. c. f. 33. "Copy of a memorial to the Pope which I also drew up and presented to the Pope" (*Records*, V. 281). Lord Thomas Howard, on his embassy to the Pope, carried with him special instructions to the same effect (see "Instructions for our right trusty and well-beloved the Lord Thomas Howard." Copy without date in the *Brit. Mus. Lansdowne MS.* 1152. B. f. 137).

The disasters of his reign did not alter the King's opinion of his counsellors. After the dethronement James the Second still bore the same affection for Father Petre and the same high estimation of his abilities. The charges which he had stigmatized as malicious fictions, he still branded as calumnies. We cite the letter of the Tuscan Resident, Zipoli, dated Paris, 25 Janvier, 1689 :

Lundi dernier le Roy d'Angleterre vint icy, accompagné seulement de Mons. le Comte de Lauzun. Il alla d'abord aux Jésuites de la Rue St. Antoine où il fit ses dévotions : ensuite ill alla voir le P. de la Chaise et voulut voir tous les pères, qui le saluèrent. Il leur parla en termes fort obligeants et pleins d'affection pour la Compagnie : leur déclarant que le Père Petre ne luy avait jamais donné que de bons conseils, et qu'il lui devait ce témoignage.¹⁰

The author of the *Litteræ Annua Prov. Angliæ* (1685—1690) also records a similar declaration of the King in favour of Father Petre. We quote his words :

And after he [the King] had retired to France he dispelled all the calumnies raised against the Father, by publicly declaring to the Parisians, in the presence and hearing of many of the Fathers of the Society, that, "had he but listened to Father Petre's counsels, his affairs would have been in a very different position."

The writer then concludes :

After so honourable a testimony, I do not see what place is left for either calumny or envy.¹¹

Such is the authentic testimonies which James the Second gave in proof of the innocence and moral integrity of the Jesuit Petre. Those testimonies are confirmed by other witnesses. The Papal Nuncio d'Adda, in the very first despatch in which the name of Petre occurs, testifies to the King's high opinion of the Jesuit.¹²

We have no space for the insertion of a number of Terriesi's despatches bearing on the subject.¹³ We may sum them up by saying that as the Ambassador used every endeavour to interest

¹⁰ *Campana de Cavelli*, 2, 481.

¹¹ Oliver, *Collection* (Edit. 1838), p. 150. Even after his fall James the Second retained his confidence in the Jesuits ; at St. Germain he had constantly several with him (*Records*, V. 157 ; *Campana de Cav.* i. 33).

¹² See the Nuncio's Despatches, Brit. Mus. *Mon. Brit.* vol. 45, fol. 309, ff. 523, seq. ; vol. 44, ff. 527, seq. ; vol. 46, ff. 181—185.

¹³ The writer regrets that he has been compelled to omit the whole of Terriesi's evidence on the subject. The despatches of the Florentine Ambassadors contain very much towards Father Petre's complete exoneration from the charge of ambition.

Father Petre in his own promotion, so the later maintained throughout a passive and almost brusque bearing. He will not always hear the Ambassador, he will not give him any directions, he will not even sanction his interference, and when in May $\frac{21}{31}$ 1688, Terriesi has managed by a confidential servant to communicate the success that is likely to attend his master's intervention at Rome—"Ho fatto," writes Terriesi to the Grand Duke, "penetrare al P. Piter per mezzo di persona sua confidente il barlume che haveva Vostra Altezza Seren., di trarlo a Roma per li di lui avanzamenti"—he is left without a reply—"Ma per anco no ho havuto risposta."¹⁴ It is impossible to reconcile this with the intrigues of ambition. Such is rather the conduct of one to whom the world and its vanities is dead.

There are yet two other witnesses on whom we shall call. None were more likely to know Father Petre than the superiors of his Society. It was, by a rule of the Order, incumbent on them to procure frequent and exact information of their subjects, of their abilities, their virtues, their weaknesses, and their defects. It was of obligation for them to employ in humble offices those who might seem to aspire to honours and distinction, and to admit none to the profession of the four vows but such as were found by experience to possess solid virtues and above all humility. What position did Father Petre hold in his Order, to what posts was he selected by his superiors, and what were their opinions of him? In 1671 he was admitted to the four vows of profession. Seven years later he was appointed as Superior of the Jesuits of the Hampshire District and Vice-provincial of the English Province. In 1683 his name appears on the list of those described as fit for the office of Provincial. In 1685 he is permitted to be attached to the King's person and to accept the office of Privy Councillor. And in 1693, despite the charges of ambition, want of prudence and so on, he is chosen by his superiors to be Rector of St. Omer's College.¹⁵ Here are unwritten but eloquent testimonies to the judgments passed on Father Petre by those who knew him best. They cannot be rejected without accusing the superiors of the Society of infidelity to their duties, to their

¹⁴ L.c. f. 91. Two letters of the Grand Duke in favour of Father Petre, are of Feb. 23 and March 30, 1688 (Brit. Mus. *Addit. MS.* n. 9, 341, ff. 45, 47). He lay special stress on the necessities of the King, who cannot rely on his Ministers and would free the Father from the public odium by promoting him to the Cardinalate.

¹⁵ See *Records*, V. 272, seq.

rules, and to their vows. But the documentary evidence of the Superiors we have as well.

The Pope, as we have said, had communicated his suspicions of Father Petre's ambition to the General of the Society, and the latter, on November 22, 1687, had written to the English Provincial on the subject. Part of this letter we have already given. We quote the continuation :

Pour moi [writes the General] je suis certain que le Père Petre n'ambitionne pas cette dignité, parce que je ne saurais me persuader qu'un religieux qui a fait le voeu solennel de ne rechercher ni directement ni indirectement, par lui même ou par d'autres, aucune dignité quelconque, se soit rendu coupable d'un tel sacrilège, sachant surtout combien cet homme a déjà souffert pour la Foi Catholique, et l'imminent danger qu'il a couru d'être pendu par les hérétiques. D'ailleurs, quand même le Père eût été ambitieux jusqu' à ce point, et que dans son cœur il eût ardemment désiré le pourpre, je ne pourrais néanmoins pas encore croire qu'il eût été assez hardi pour manifester ce désir, ni assez simple pour solliciter auprès d'un Prince, remarquable par sa prudence, une dignité dont il se serait montré à jamais indigne en l'ambitionnant.

Néanmoins, parceque notre Institut le demande et que la réputation de la Compagnie l'exige, je pris Votre Révérence de suggérer en mon nom à ce Père de détourner de lui cet honneur par un sentiment d'humilité sincère, et d'y opposer même de la résistance, en évitant toutefois d'offenser le roi ; mais en le suppliant de lui laisser la consolation de servir Jésus-Christ dans la profession et l'humilité religieuse. J'ai cru qu'il était mieux de confier à votre prudence le soin d'avertir ce Pere que de lui écrire moi-même.¹⁶

Here the Father General expresses his conviction of Father Petre's innocence. It was Petre whom he had selected as Vice-provincial, of whose fortitude in persecution he had been witness, and he cannot believe that the aspirer after the crown of martyrdom should now sacrilegiously solicit a mitre or a cap.

The answer of the English Provincial is not forthcoming, but we have already heard how the Pope after reading it no longer held a doubt of the Father's innocence.¹⁷ Another important point in the evidence must not be omitted. The English Provincial, notwithstanding the charges of ambition levelled against Father Petre, made no attempt to withdraw his subject from the Court. On the contrary he was so convinced of the absence of all ambition that he gave him permission to accept the post of Privy Councillor. Of this fact the letter

¹⁶ Crétineau-Joly, *Hist. de la Compagnie de Jésus*. 3 Edit. 4, 147, seq.

¹⁷ Crétineau-Joly, *l.c.* 4, 148.

written by the General, Father Gonzales to the English Provincial is proof. It is dated March, 13, 1688 :

Déjà je n'avais pas été peu surpris que le Père Edward eût accepté l'office d'aumônier du roi, office si considéré que les Evêques eux-mêmes ont coutume de le regarder comme un honneur. Néanmoins Votre Révérence n'ayant fait connaître que cet emploi, quelqu' honorable qu'il soit, n'est cependant pas une dignité, j'ai acquiescé à son jugement, quoique je n'approuvasse pas que l'affaire se fût traitée et conclue à mon insu. Mais aujourd'hui je suis bien autrement et bien grandement surpris, que vous avez permis, et cela aussi sans nous consulter, que ce même Père Edward reçut la charge de conseiller d'Etat, car, bien que cette charge ne vous semble pas devoir être comptée parmi celles que nos vœux nous interdisent, il ne manquoit certainement pas de motifs de nous consulter pour savoir s'il fallait accepter un emploi insolite jusqu' à ce jour dans la compagnie, et tout à la fois si éclatant et si exposé aux traits de l'envie; ou plutôt s'il ne serait pas plus convenable de supplier le Roi, même en mon nom; afin que Sa Majesté, se contentant de consulter en particulier un homme cher et fidèle, renonçât à l'honorer publiquement du titre et de la charge de conseiller d'Etat. Et, certes, le nom seul de conseiller d'Etat porte avec lui le maniement de ce genre d'affaires que nos règles nous interdisent expressément. Que faut-il faire maintenant? J'ai besoin, avant de rien déterminer, de consulter les Assistants; je vous le ferai savoir plus tard.¹⁸

The answer of the English Provincial is not known, but the testimony it contained for Father Petre's virtue and humility may be learned from the General's reply of March 13, 1688 :

J'ai appris avec plaisir par votre lettre que le Père Edward, en bon religieux qu'il est, a tenté de détourner le roi de lui accorder de tels honneurs; mais il m'eût été agréable de l'apprendre de ce Père lui-même pour ma plus grande consolation, ainsi que je m'y attendais et que l'ont pratiqué déjà tous les autres Pères de la Compagnie qui furent confesseurs ou théologiens des rois ou des princes. Mais quelle conduite Votre Révérence tiendra telle dans ces circonstances? Comme ce n'est pas à moi, mais à nos Constitutions qu'elle doit le demander, il ne m'est pas permis de répondre autre chose.¹⁹

Everywhere, then, we find Father Petre's Superiors testify his abilities and merits. The letters we have cited are unquestionably authentic. The opinions they contain were given with all the freedom of a confidential communication. They were the real sentiments of the writers. Of the conformity between their subjective views and the objective truth, the life

¹⁸ Crétineau-Joly, l.c. 4, 148.

¹⁹ Crétineau-Joly, l.c. 4, 149.

and the correspondence²⁰ of Father Petre is the best proof Edward Petre was born of a noble family. He abandoned all the prospects of honour and distinction which wealth and interest could be expected to realize. In a time of persecution he joined a Society condemned to suffer every species of injustice and humiliation, and in that Society he took the most solemn vow never in any way to seek any preferment either within or without his Order. He bore with undaunted fortitude eight years of unjust and rigorous imprisonment. Besides the sufferings of his confinement he was in daily expectation of the rope and gallows, and yet in the midst of all he could forget his own wants and trials to administer to the necessities of his fellow-prisoners, and in the spirit of the Apostle could desire to suffer greater things and even death for justice' sake. "Father Spencer (Petre)," wrote the Provincial, John Warner, on November 29, 1680, is again in prison and longs for martyrdom," and on January 3, 1681, he quotes from the Father's letter of December :

Thank God, I have a courageous heart, and am ready to undergo any hardships whatsoever if it be the will of God. I am in a place sufficiently secure, and where I am allowed the company of friends. It needs must be that some bear the heat of persecution, and why should not I, equally with others? If I happened to be sacrificed, I do not see why my friends should deplore the small loss of a worthless man, which to me will be certain gain. For, by the grace of God, I am most willing to embrace what to nature itself may be repugnant.²¹

In another letter, dated April 12, 1681, the same writer extols the charity of Father Petre.²² In the *Informatio de P. Edouardo Petre*, A.D. 1684, we read that Father Petre filled the responsible office of Vice-Provincial for four years, in the most difficult times, with prudence and industry, and was especially distinguished for his charity in relieving the necessities of his sick and suffering *confrères* in prison. During his confinement in Newgate, Father Petre proved himself an angel of comfort to his fellow-prisoners.²³ In the *Litteræ Annue Prov. Angl.* (1685—1690) we meet the passage :

²⁰ Of this latter little remains. The original correspondence of Father Petre with his brethren at St. Omer's, during his residence at the Court of St. James', was lost in the plunder of the English College at Bruges by the Belgian-Austrian Government in October, 1773.

²¹ *Records*, VII. i, 591.

²² *L.c.* vii. 2,787.

²³ *Records* V. pp. 274, 275.

In the meanwhile, Father Petre himself behaved with uniform modesty and integrity, and most unwillingly endured these tokens of the royal favour. When he found that the King was openly insulted by some, who considered that he reposed too great confidence in the Father's advice, and especially that differences had arisen between the Sovereign Pontiff and the King on his account, he repeatedly, and upon his knees, earnestly implored his majesty for leave to retire from Court and public affairs, preferring rather to sacrifice himself to the public odium, than that the affairs of the King should suffer the least damage on his account. But his Majesty peremptorily refused to dismiss him

²⁴

And in the *Records of the English Province* it is said of Father Petre as Rector of St. Omer's College:

His experience of men and of the world, his affability, and the great attention he paid to the welfare of the community, greatly endeared him to all.²⁵

With this evidence we conclude the positive testimonies in favour of Father Petre's innocence. The King that repeatedly affirmed his guiltlessness, the Ministers that undertook his cause at Rome, the agent that presented the memorial in his favour, the Ambassador that sought in vain to allure him to participate in the negotiations, the Provincial that twice justified his subject, the General that declared his conviction of his innocence, the Pope that affirmed his disbelief in the accusations—all have pronounced a "not guilty." History, founded on idle rumours and spurious documents, may still re-copy the verdict of "guilty," but we believe that the impartial inquirer after truth will ever hold that judgment to be unfounded and opposed to the positive evidence on the subject.

4. Of a very different nature is the charge of incapacity made against Father Petre. The question would require a discussion that is here impossible. But we hold this accusation also to be unfounded, and take the occasion of adding a few remarks on the subject. Before all things we may note that Father Petre was possessed of talent. He had studied with success, and he had attained the grade of science necessary for his profession of the four vows. He was endowed, too, with that special practical talent necessary for government and direction of others. Of this his repeated appointments as Superior, as Vice-Provincial, as Rector, are sufficient indications. Moreover, he understood

²⁴ *Records*, V. pp. 276, 277.

²⁵ *Ibid.* V. p. 277.

the world and knew how to mix with it; he was polished, courtly, affable, and prudent.²⁶ That in the extremely difficult circumstances of James' reign he should always have discovered the wisest measure is more than can be expected from human nature, but that he should have been the constant advocate of the unwise counsels is evidently irreconcilable with his antecedents. That he was distinguished by a rash intemperate zeal we hold to be one of those historical fables which without further investigation are copied and re-copied by thoughtless or prejudiced writers. In the first place it is incorrect to say that attempts were blindly made to procure the freedom of the Catholic Church by a rampant attack, however justifiable, on all anti-Catholic statutes. On April 23, 1688, three years then after the "violent" counsels of Petre had begun to influence the King, the German Imperial Resident, Hoffmann, writes:

Up to the present there is neither a church steeple for the Catholic to see, nor a bell for them to hear, and these houses of God (chapels) have scarcely any foundations, but are supported alone by his Majesty and the liberality and devotion of the private persons."²⁷

Again, it was only in May, 1687, that the Jesuits ventured to open schools. Terriesi mentions this in his despatch of $\frac{9}{19}$ May. The schools of the Jesuits, he says, will be opened on the 23rd of May; according to the printed school regulations the instruction will be gratuitous; entrance will be given to all confessions; neither teacher nor pupil shall attempt

To proselytize, but every one shall have full liberty to practise the religion that he pleases, and none shall be less esteemed or favoured by another because of his belonging to a different religion. No one shall be derided or reproached on account of his religion, and when any religious exercise shall take place, as the celebration of Mass, catechism, religious instruction, or the like, it shall be left free to whoever may be Protestant to absent himself, if he will, without any molestation or difficulty, from such an exercise.²⁸

It was to the Jesuits, respectively Father Petre, one may perhaps say, that the suspension of a royal decree, provoking the Protestants without necessity, was due.

His majesty the King [wrote Terriesi on the $\frac{10th\ Nov.}{31st\ Oct.}$] had decreed that the Religious of Whitehall, of St. James', and of Somersett House,

²⁶ Ranke speaks "*von falscher Klugheit*," but this is precisely in question. Ranke, *Eng. Geschichte*, 5, 447, 482, 484, see p. 371.

²⁷ Campana de Cavelli, *Les derniers Stuarts*, 2, 185.

²⁸ L.c. vol. 17, f. 82. About these schools see *Records*, V. pp. 265, seq.

wear the religious habit of their Order when walking out of doors ; and in fact the Benedictines of St. James' went in this manner from the said St. James' across the park to Whitehall, but with an escort of soldiers ; some objection, however, on the part of the Jesuits has since prevented the decree being carried out.²⁹

The Jesuits themselves constantly abstained from uselessly exciting the popular bigotry, and out of doors always assumed the usual dress of the secular clergy.³⁰

In an incident of the King's private life, Petre showed himself fully alive to the claims of morality and to his sovereign's real interests. On his accession James the Second had separated from his mistress, but she had since returned to Court and had even received a title. Bitter were the Queen's remonstrances. "Father Petre, on bended knees," so says Macaulay, "seconded these remonstrances." Finally the King consented to the banishment of the then Lady Dorchester.³¹

One of the most imprudent of the royal acts was the attempted coercion of the High Church Bishops, who had refused to publish "The Declaration of Liberty of Conscience." Father Petre was entirely against such measures. For this we have the testimony of the French Ambassador, Barillon.³² The warrant of the committal of the Bishops was signed by all the members of the Privy Council, with the exception of Father Petre.³³

According to Barillon³⁴ also, Father Petre advised that the Prince should be sent for safety to France. Many are of the same opinion,³⁵ but Rizzini writes already on the 21st of October to his master, the Duke of Modena, that he himself had

²⁹ L.c. vol. 18, f. 7.

³⁰ *Records* V., 266, compare p. 247.

³¹ *History of England*, 1, 363 (ed. London, 1872). According to Mackintosh (*History of the Revolution in 1688*, London, p. 54) Lord Rochester advised the King to raise his mistress to the nobility.

³² Lingard, *History of England*, ed. London, 1830, 8, 443, note 58.

³³ L.c. 8, 445. Mackintosh, *History of the Revolution*, 257. The latter thinks (p. 241) that Petre advised the Order for the public reading of the Declaration. He cites Johnstone, May 23, 1688 : "Sunderland, Melfort, Penn, and, *they say*, Petre, deny having advised this Declaration ;" but Van Citters, ^{4 June} _{25 May} says that Petre *is believed* to have advised this Order. D'Adda in his despatch of June 4, 1688 (Mackintosh, l.c. p. 656), speaks only of "Li SSi. Catholici," who counselled the King to adopt severity ; of Sunderland he clearly states the contrary. Onno Klopp comes to the conclusion : . . . it is probable that the King principally or alone advised the criminal prosecution of the Seven Bishops (*Fall des Hauses Stuarts*, 4, 26).

³⁴ Despatch of 25th of November.

³⁵ Compare O. Klopp, l.c. 4, 228.

pressingly urged the King to get the Queen and the Prince down to Portsmouth, but that the King had listened to the advice of others.³⁶ On the 6th of December Rizzini says :

The wretched state of affairs has brought me, with tears in my eyes, to the conviction that the Queen and the Prince must be placed in security. The King has assured me he will do it.³⁷

As to the King's flight itself, Rizzini, who terms himself the sole one in possession of the secret, affirms that the King's escape was due alone to the Queen. She had overruled the advice of those who counselled him to remain in London, and had determined him on flight.³⁸ Later on the Spanish Ambassador, Ronquillo, openly proclaimed the fugitive Rizzini as the author and adviser of the flight of the royal family.³⁹

But space will not permit us to discuss this question further. We will only add a concluding remark. The position of Father Petre as the King's adviser and a court favourite was extremely difficult. He was surrounded by enemies ; by Protestants who hated him as a Papist ; by Catholics who mistrusted him as a Jesuit ; by Ministers who regarded him as a rival. Everywhere and in everything his plans were thwarted, crossed, and defeated. Political success would in such a case have been little short of a miracle, and yet it is by success a statesman's prudence and foresight are mostly gauged. Among the contemporaries of Father Petre there was, according to the German Ambassador, Count Rounitz, a difference of opinion as to his capacity.

To this must be added [writes the Count on February 21, 1688] that the King has great confidence in a Father Peters, of the Society of Jesus, whom he has domiciled in Whitehall. Protestants and Catholics accuse this man of being completely French and very violent, and of being the adviser of all these measures of the King. Others call him a man of prudence and courage, who has nothing but the glory of God and the service of the King before his eyes.⁴⁰

Let us add to this the testimony of one that from his position at the Court of Hanover, and from his relation with so many princes, diplomatists, and savants of the age, was very able to learn the truth. Leibnitz assures us that he was well informed on the subject, and Leibnitz three years after the flight

³⁶ Campana de Cav. 2, 290.

³⁷ L.c. 2, 352.

³⁸ O. Klopp, l.c. 4, 269.

³⁹ L.c. 4, 280, 293.

⁴⁰ O. Klopp, *Der Fall des Hauses Stuarts*, 3, 305.

of James the Second, wrote in December, 1691, to the Landgraf Ernst von Hessen-Rheinfels :

Des personnes informés nous ont assuré que le Père Petters, quand il estoit en Angleterre dans une fortune fleurissante, *faisoit paroistre assez de modération, et que ce n'est pas luy qui a poussé le Roy, son Maistre, à des conseils outrés.*⁴¹

Who was right? We hold to the principle of the Law. Crime must not be supposed but proved. The proof must be stronger the more the antecedents of the accused speak for his innocence, the more the bitterness and number of his enemies account for the accusation. One might perhaps object that the Jesuit was the King's confidential adviser, and therefore responsible for his actions. Yet how few know the follies and mistakes that are hindered by an adviser, while those which in spite of all counsel are committed by a prince the majority ascribe to his adviser. James the Second has testified to the prudence and wisdom of Father Petre. We believe that every fresh research will discover new evidence in confirmation of that judgment.

CECIL C. LONGRIDGE.

⁴¹ *Rommel Leibniz Landgraf Ernst von Hessen-Rhienfels*. Frankfurt, 1847, 2, 371. Of the influential Englishmen with whom Leibnitz stood in correspondence, we mention here only Stepney, the English Ambassador at Vienna (l.c. 2, 468. Compare also T. M. Kemble, *State Papers and Correspondence*, London, 1857, pp. 103, seq.).

A Preacher of Faith.

COME forth into the sunlight, trembling souls,
Who walk 'mid shadows clutched by fierce despair ;
Look in Love's lustrous eyes, touch his crowned hair,
List his sweet voice, not yonder bell that tolls
By an open grave ; nor think on earth's lost goals,
But heaven's eternity, the fruition fair
Of all earth shows in the bud made perfect where
God gives full-handed, not with earthly doles.

Come forth, O foolish ones ! Love quickeneth
The flower of life, and lo ! the eternal light
Gleams on your pallid brows ; change, loss and death,
Phantoms of shrunken hearts, foul ghosts of night,
Fail, fade, and pass before his fiery breath
As immortality looms into sight !

EVELYN PYNE.

Mermaids and Sea-Cows.

AMONG the pleasures derived from the study of the habits and structures of living animals, is the interest we feel in discovering the truth hidden amid the earliest descriptions of so-called fabulous creatures, and in comparing the fancies of the past with the facts of the present. As our knowledge of the *manatee* and *dugong* increases we find that the accounts given by ancient writers were not invented fables, but rather distorted impressions of the forms and movements of animals, with which we are now familiar, and in whose appearance we recognize the similitude of the mermaid and the "bearded man of the sea."

In the fish-god of the Ninevite sculptures and the Dagon of the Philistines, as well as in the Nereids, and Tritons and Sirens of the Greeks, we see how strongly the imagination of the ancient heathen had been stimulated by the occasional glimpses of these mammals of the sea, for, from the earliest period of art, we find the conjoined human and fish form represented in sculpture and pictures; and men familiar with these representations were prepared to believe in mermen and mermaids and to expect to meet them at sea, and to recognize as kindred to them the animals whose appearance and movements presented any likeness to their preconceived ideas.

Accordingly we find this belief entertained by sailors in all countries from the earliest times of which we have any record. Megasthenes, a contemporary of Aristotle's, mentions in a geographical work that the sea which surrounded Taproban—the ancient Ceylon—was inhabited by creatures having the appearance of women, and Aelian tells of great fishes having the form of satyrs, and that in the Indian Sea there are others which resemble women but having bristles or prickles instead of hairs and fin-like feet, and subsisting on grain and the ripe fruit of the palm. Demostratus mentions that an ancient triton was seen at Tanagra in Bœotia which was like the pictures of the tritons, but whose features were obscured by age and which

quickly disappeared from sight. The Governor of Gaul also relates in a letter to the Emperor Augustus that several nereids had been seen on the shore of the Sea of Cadiz, and Pliny says that an embassy was sent to the Emperor Tiberius from Olisippo (Lisbon) to inform him that a triton, recognized by its form, had shown itself in a certain cave, and had been heard to produce loud sounds on a conch-shell. The early Portuguese settlers in India asserted that true mermen were found in the Eastern seas, and old Norse traditions tell of the marmennill or mermaid. In the Irish legends the sea nereids, the "Merrows," or "Mornarchs," came occasionally from the sea and gained the affection of men, and similar traditions of the "Morgan"—sea women—and the Morverch (sea daughters) are common in Brittany. The English fishermen's belief in these daughters of the sea still survives among Cornish fishermen, who many a time and

Oft, beneath the silver moon
Have heard afar the mermaid's song,

or listened, as John Leyden sung, to

The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep.

Shakespeare alludes several times to the common belief of his day. In modern times the mermaid has been the subject of many charming verses in English poetry, and it has been truly said by H. Lee, "Not only have poets sung of the wonders and seductive beauty of the maidens of these aquatic tribes, but many a Jack-tar has come home from sea prepared to affirm on oath that he has seen a mermaid, and to the best of his belief he has told the truth. He has seen some living being which looked wonderfully human, and his imagination, aided by an inherited superstition, has supplied the rest."

The annalist of the exploits of the Jesuits in India gravely records in the *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus* that seven of these monsters, male and female, were captured at Manaar in 1560, and carried to Goa, where they were dissected by Bosquez, physician to the viceroy, "and their internal structure found to be in all respects conformable to the human." Valentyn, a Dutch colonial chaplain, in his *Natural History of Amboyna*, commences his chapter on the fishes of that island with a minute description of the "Zee-Menschen, Zee-Wyven, and mermaids. He quotes from Albrecht Herport's *India* an account of a

merman and a mermaid, not only seen, but captured, near the Island of Booro, measuring more than five feet, which survived only four days, for, "refusing all food, she died, without leaving any intelligible account of herself!"

Whitbourne, in his early description of Newfoundland, tells of a "maremaid or mareman," which came swimming to him, looking cheerfully on his face as if it had been a woman, and an English surgeon named Glover records, in his account of Virginia, his meeting with a prodigious creature near the mouth of the River Rappahannock, resembling a man, but taller, standing right in the water with his head, neck, and shoulders above the surface. "The form of his head was almost pyramidal and sleek, without hair, his eyes large and black, and so were his eye-brows; his mouth very wide, with a broad black streak on the upper lip, which turned upwards at each end like mustachios. His countenance was grim and terrible; his neck, arms, shoulders, breast, and waist were like unto those of a man; his hands, if he had any, were under water. He seemed to stand with his eyes fixed on me for some time, and afterwards dived down, and a little after he rose at a somewhat greater distance and turned his head towards me again, then falling a little under the water I could discern him throw out his arms and gather them in as a man does when he swims. At last he shot with his head downwards, by which means he cast his tail above the water. It resembled exactly the tail of a fish with a broad fane at the end of it." Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, mentions several accounts of creatures seen by sailors, of which the descriptions are partly true, partly imaginative, and specially names one seen by some Danish fishermen who were towing a ship just arrived from the Baltic, and who thought it the dead body of a man floating on the water: as it drifted near it sank, but came to the surface again and presented the appearance of an old man with broad shoulders: as he dived down, one of them, Peter Gunnersen, observed that from the body downwards it resembled a fish. Peter and his companions were examined on oath before the Burgomaster of Elsineur. The famous Arctic navigator, Henry Hudson, records that one of the crew looking overboard one day saw a mermaid and called his fellow-sailors to watch her: she came close to the ship-side, looking earnestly on the men: she had back and breast like a woman, with long black hair hanging down her back: as she dived they saw her tail, like that of a porpoise. Steller, the zoologist, reports having seen in

Behring's Straits "a sea-ape, which was full of frolic and sported like a monkey, sometimes on one side of the ship, sometimes on the other. It often raised one-third of its body out of the water and stood upright for a considerable time. It would frequently bring up a sea-plant, not unlike a bottle-gourd, which it would toss about and catch in its mouth, playing numberless fantastic tricks with it. Captain Weddell, in his voyage round the South Pole, writes that one of his men having been left ashore for a time on Hall's Island, heard one night about ten o'clock a noise resembling human cries. It was during the short Arctic twilight, so the sailor searched along the beach thinking that a boat had upset and some of the crew might be clinging to the rocks, but found no one: still he followed the occasional moan, still, like Leyden's enamoured youth,

Roused by that voice of silver sound,

he at length perceived an object lying on a rock a dozen yards from the shore, at which he was somewhat frightened. The face and shoulders appeared of human form and of a reddish colour; over the shoulders hung long green hair; the tail resembled that of a seal, but the extremity of the arms he could not distinctly see,

As on the wondering youth she smiled,
Again she raised the melting lay,

and continued to make a musical sound during the two minutes he gazed on her, and then diving downwards she disappeared to be seen no more.

In the north of Scotland the belief in mermaids still exists. In the year 1797, Mr. Munro of Thurso affirmed that he had seen a figure like a naked woman, sitting on a rock projecting into the sea at Sanside Head, she was in the act apparently of combing her long bright auburn hair with her fingers, and in a few minutes dived into the sea. As the Ettrick shepherd says, he

Saw the maiden there
Just as the daylight faded,
Braiding her locks of gowden hair
An' singing as she braided,

but he did not notice whether her fingers were webbed, but he was certain that he had had a distinct view of a marine animal bearing a striking resemblance to the human form. Twelve years later several men saw, near the same place, a creature that they believed was a mermaid. In 1823 some fishermen of Yell,

one of the Shetland Isles, captured a mermaid which was entangled in their lines, the animal was more than three feet long, the upper part of the body resembling the human, with breasts like a woman, the face, forehead, and neck, resembling those of a monkey, the arms folded across the breast, the fingers distinct, and not webbed; a few stiff long bristles on the top of the head reached down to the shoulders. The lower part of the body was like a fish. The animal offered no resistance but uttered a low plaintive sound as if appealing for mercy. Superstitious fears prevailing, the crew carefully disentangled it from their lines and returned it to the sea. The particulars given by them, and others which might be cited, are sufficiently accurate descriptions of a warm-blooded animal, the Rytina, with which the Shetlanders were unacquainted, and as therefore it was not extinct in 1768, as has been supposed, it may still exist somewhat further south than it was met with by its original describer Stellar. In the autumn of 1819 it was declared that a creature appeared on the Irish coast, of the size of a girl of ten years of age, with fully developed breasts and a profusion of long brown hair and full dark eyes, a slight web connecting the fingers, which were used to throw back and divide the hair. The tail seemed like that of a dolphin. The creature remained basking on the rocks for an hour in the sight of many persons, until alarmed by the flash of a gun, when,

Away she went with a sea-gull's scream
And a splash of her saucy tail,

for instantly it plunged into the sea and disappeared with a loud cry.

Among the fossil remains of the miocene formation of Central and Southern Europe, are the *halitherium*—a Sirenian linking the present manatee and dugong with hippopotamus, tapir and elephant.

The Mermaid or *Manatee* belongs to the aquatic mammalian group which at the present time includes among its members only two well-marked forms—the manatee and the dugong. The order is that of the *Sirenia* from the Greek *Siren*, and its members differ considerably both from the seals and the whales. In fact the manatee—so called from manus, a hand—manifests a remarkable adaptation of the structure of a warm-blooded land animal, enabling it to pass its whole life in water, and it is the connecting link between the hippopotamus and

elephant on the one side, and the seals on the other. Manatees are pure vegetarians and milk-givers, which must have found their way into the water, and though they have lost their hind legs have still their front limbs with all their proper bones, with the hands turned into flippers. They suckle their young ones at the breast clasping them with their clippers; and when they raise their heads in the water, have very much the appearance of an uncouth human mother nursing her child. Certainly most clumsy ungainly creatures they are with their long barrel-shaped body, having a thick skin upon them like an elephant's, with stiff short hairs. In all the *sirenia* or *manatidæ*—sea-cows—the mammæ of the female is greatly distended during the period of lactation, and their fins or paws, which are long and broad, with faintly marked nails upon the fingers, are so prehensile that they can not only gather food between the palms, but the female can hold her young one to her breast with one of them and propel herself onward with the other. Being warm-blooded animals they breathe by lungs, and for this purpose come to the surface frequently for respiration. In consequence of their breathing through nostrils at the end of the muzzle, they have the habit of rising sometimes vertically in the water, with the head and fore part of the body exposed above the surface, in which position they often remain for some minutes.

They have small heads with no *outer* ears, insignificant eyes surrounded with wrinkles, and thick lips often covered with short bristles. Their internal organs somewhat resemble those of a horse, the intestines being longer in proportion than those of any other animal. From the flippers downwards the body tapers gradually, ending in a thin, wide shovel-shaped tail unlike that of any other animal, though it somewhat resembles that of the beaver, but it is a direct continuation backwards of the body and is covered with an unmodified skin. The manatee has large, broad, grinding back teeth like the elephant, and in front small cutting teeth in infancy, though they become covered up with gum as the animal grows older.

The manatees seem to have been more immediately linked to the antediluvian *dinotherium*, and *halitherium*. The former had teeth like the mastodon, was furnished with a trunk, lived in herds, and browsed upon foliage and grass. The *halitherium* was an aquatic, herbivorous animal, with short hind limbs, whose fossil remains are found in the miocene formation of Central and Southern Europe. The manatee is a gentle

peaceable, herbivorous animal, which in the course of ages has become fitted for a watery life. It keeps near the shore and grasps the sea-weed with the sides of its upper lip, and then cuts it off with a set of horny plates growing from the roof of its mouth. In earlier times they probably frequented all the coasts of the seas and mouths of great rivers, and until about a hundred and fifty years ago there was another species of them—the *rhytinas*—right up in the cold seas of Behring's Straits, where the vast-submarine forests of sea-weed afforded them ample sustenance. Stellar, the Russian zoologist, who headed an exploring party which was wrecked in the Kamschatkan Seas, tells us that for ten months the surviving crew pursued this easily-captured animal so persistently for food, that they were all but annihilated. The sailors found them such good eating and the oil so valuable, that within twenty-six years of Behring's first discovering them they had become extinct there, having been most recklessly and indiscriminately slaughtered. The last, it is supposed, was killed in 1768, and unless some care is taken the equally valuable sea-cows of more southern climes will soon be exterminated in the same way. The manatees keep together in families, generally father, mother, a half-grown one, and a cub, but sometimes uniting in herds, are often seen wandering up the rivers of Africa or South America, feeding under water, near the banks, and frequently raising their heads with a snorting sound as they take in fresh air.

Manatees, though not very intelligent animals, are of such a remarkably gentle, affectionate disposition, that they are easily tamed, and will even allow themselves to be handled.

Their conjugal affection is strikingly developed. A male who had in every possible way in vain attempted to relieve his mate when he saw her attacked, stood by her side in spite of many hard blows, and when she died, though he was driven from the spot, returned several days, as if expecting to see her again, showing unmistakeable signs of grief. Clusius gives an account of a pet manatee kept for twenty-six years by a Spanish Governor, that used always to come when called to the side of the lake, to be fed, and would even allow the boys to mount on its back while it swam harmlessly about with them, at a given signal landing them ashore.

Many attempts have been made to bring over a live specimen to this country. In the year 1866 the Zoological Society sent Mr. Clarence Bartlett to Surinam, a river in South America, to

bring home a young manatee. This suckling, which was called Patchley, had been obtained by the natives when quite a baby, and carefully transferred to a small lakelet where he had his entire freedom. Although in form and in his delight in water he resembled a fish, it was necessary to feed the creature daily from a bottle with a good quantum of cows' milk, and in a few days he became evidently attached both to his bottle-jack and to his keeper, Mr. Bartlett, who had some difficulty in training his charge. Wading about in the shallow water, he would coax his pet to the water's edge, where, after a good suck or two, he permitted himself to be raised partly on Mr. Bartlett's knees, and then sucked away might and main till the bottle was empty. As soon as his appetite was satisfied he always appeared in high spirits, tumbling and rolling about for a while; then, gradually becoming quieter, he would retire to the pond and sleep lazily near the surface. Sometimes master Patchley was in such a positively rollicking mood that he would overturn his keeper into the mud, where the two would splutter and flounder about for possession of the bottle. The poor animal died on the passage to England; and the first manatee brought alive to this country in 1875 was exhibited in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, but it only survived a month, owing to the water having been too cool for an animal accustomed to a tropical climate. In 1878 there was somewhat better success with another which was brought to the Westminster Aquarium, it was fed upon lettuce and water-cress, and was kept in a large tank of water, the temperature of which was maintained at seventy degrees, but ere long it, too, sickened and died.

The flesh of the manatee is considered a great delicacy, and it has the advantage of retaining its freshness much longer than other meat. The inhabitants of the Amazon are so partial to it that they will spend days hunting for a manatee. The milk of this animal is particularly rich and good. The tail contains a great deal of oil, which is considered extremely nutritious, and has the property of never becoming rancid.

Another species of manatee called the *dugong* or "bearded men of the sea," with tusks and grizzly beard, consisting of stiff bristles, is the sea-cow of Australia. Whereas the manatee is chiefly found in rivers and fresh-water lagoons, the *dugong* is essentially the denizen of the sea, and both are vegetarians of the strictest order. The submarine pastures upon which these animals feed, lie at the depth of eight to fourteen feet, the

favourite grounds are banks protected from the sea in bays and straits. They graze in company and feed down the herbage so closely that they leave a well-defined track to indicate their movements. They are generally from eight to ten feet long, though some are found to be even twenty feet in length. They bring forth their young in the autumn, generally one at a birth. Little is known of the habits of the dugong, those that are caught alive struggle desperately in their captivity. They are gentle, inoffensive creatures, the only breakers of the peace are occasionally a couple of males fighting for a mate, or a frantic mother maddened by the sight of the danger of her offspring, for whom their affection is so strong that it has become a proverb among the Malays.

Redspinner thus describes his first glimpse of the dugong in its native element, near the wooded island of Moreton Bay (in Queensland), as, emerging from the shelter of the mainsail, he stood on deck to watch the sunrise, which in those latitudes is a very rapid process. Not a cable's length astern there came from the sea a plaintive appeal, as if a child half awakened had softly moaned and turned over to sleep again. He looked round, to see a clumsy greyish brown head silently thrust above the surface and, without leaving a sign, as silently disappeared. It was a dugong taking a breath of upper air and returning to its feeding below. Some said the animal was like a whale, others that it resembled a seal, a third that it was not unlike a porpoise. Though the creature was in some degree a reminder of them all, it was not really to be compared to either. At length one was caught and killed, and thus Redspinner had an opportunity of examining carefully during the dissection. Ears it had none to speak of, the eyes tiny and three parts buried. Being a female, it had neither teeth nor tusks in the upper jaw. The inside of the mouth was lined with a rough apparatus like a worn down scrubbing-brush. Its hide is not, as might be supposed from its solidity, composed of gross material, its nature is so delicate that when boiled down it yields a jelly as acceptable and beneficial to invalids as calf's-foot. The flesh of the dugong is cut off the carcass in flitches and from the same animal is taken meat resembling beef, veal, and bacon. In fact it is often palmed off on connoisseurs, as prime filets of beef, cutlets of veal, and rashers of superior bacon. The lean flesh, beef-like in the mature and veal-like in the young dugong, is eaten fresh or salted for food. The bacon flitch in size, colour,

and streakiness, if it were hung in an English pork-butcher's shop, might easily be taken for a part of the side of a true Wiltshire hog, the only difference said to be detected in the eating would be that the flavour is superior to that of pork. The meat from the calf is always the best and is recommended by the faculty to consumptive patients on account of its undoubted strengthening qualities. From the head of the dugong fishermen secure their own tit-bits, in a good blending of fat and lean with the gelatinous portions which, carefully cooked, makes a delicious ready-made brawn. The flippers make capital soup; the bones, being of exceeding density, as well as close grained and capable of a high polish, might be used for ivory. The ivory tusks are in great demand for knife-handles. But its most valuable produce beyond all doubt is the oil, which possesses all the medicinal qualities of cod-liver oil, without the unpleasant taste. In its pure state it can be taken without disagreeing even with the most sensitive stomach. Dr. Hobbs, of Brisbane, who discovered the therapeutic properties of this oil, is said to have had wonderful success for more than five-and-twenty years among his consumptive patients, marvellous effects are also attributed to dugong oil in case of rheumatism, and persons unable to take either medicine or nourishment have been, it is said, kept alive by the outward application of the lard sediment of this oil.

A fine specimen of the Queensland dugong at the Colonial Exhibition has attracted considerable attention, and among the many promising industries that await future development in this thriving young colony, is the utilization of this animal, every part of it being marketable, and its capture involving but little or no danger nor requiring any special skill. At present scarcely any of the valuable oil produced by the dugong is exported, as it is nearly all consumed in Australia, where the demand is increasingly great, but the supply would no doubt be considerably augmented were all the products of the creature thoroughly tested and turned to account.

MARIANNE BELL.

Bicé; a Story of Florence.

PART I.

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort and command ;
And yet a spirit still and light
And something of an angel bright.

YOU ask me, children, to tell you the story of my sister Beatrice, whose picture you have so often admired. It is a lovely face, is it not ? and yet the artist did not half do justice to the angelic expression that was its chief beauty. The grave blue eyes, the sweet tender mouth, the masses of fair hair that seemed too heavy for the small head, are there, and you who never saw her declare there could not be a sweeter face. Yet the artist threw down his brush in despair, exclaiming that he had only painted the outward shell, and that only the Beato Angelico could have rendered that heavenly beauty that shone from within.

She was my only sister, and we had lost our mother while I was still too young to remember anything of her. Five years older than me, she joined the protecting tenderness of a mother with the most sympathetic and intimate companionship in her affection for me. And I am glad to remember that, wayward impetuous girl as I was, I fully returned that love. She was my heroine, my ideal of all that was good and lovely, and my heart went out impulsively to those who praised and admired her.

Well, I must go back many years, to a lovely spring in Florence, when I was just seventeen and had left school for good. Ah ! children, you talk of your English spring, of your pale primroses and scanty violets ; if you could see fair Florence in the latter days of February, when the balmy air touches the cheek like a caress, and the world seems born anew to beauty and happiness. It seems bliss enough to live and breathe the delightful air, and the heaviest heart must needs forget its troubles for a time in this joyous mood of nature. Already the

birds are twittering in the yet leafless groves of the Caseine, and at every corner of the city wait the flower-sellers, their baskets crowded with gay sweet-scented blossoms, no luxury of the rich, but within the means of all. Even the little milliner going to her daily work brightens her humble gown with a bunch of fragrant Parma violets.

My father, as you know, was a sculptor, and had made his home in Florence for the last five years. But dearly as he loved Italy, he did not love Italian ways, and it was with much satisfaction that he had found a villino to hire instead of the usual apartment. A villino, children, is a small house that one can hire in its entirety, and ours possessed at the back a shady Italian garden, with two or three tall cypress trees, and a fountain whose soft splash filled the air with a music and freshness delightfully soothing in the warm days that begin so early. Our dining-room and drawing-room opened out into this garden by a flight of broad stone steps. Along the upstairs rooms ran a balcony, from whence we looked out on the purple hills with their ever changing lights and shadows, and the sharp distinct height of Fiesole in front, dotted with snow white buildings, and crowned with the old Franciscan monastery.

It was a lovely evening, and Beatrice and I, leaning on the balcony, were watching the sunset lights on the scene we knew so well, yet never tired of. We had been silent for some time in sympathetic content, my arm thrown round her waist, and my head leaning on her shoulder.

"Oh, Biccì darling!" I exclaimed, breaking the silence with a sigh of satisfaction, "how delightful it is to have done with school and to have you always."

"Little flatterer," she replied with a smile. "I believe your chief delight is at bidding good-bye to lessons."

"You know it isn't, Biccì," I cried impetuously, starting up. "Didn't I promise you to practise two hours a day, and read Italian with you every morning? besides my painting, which I don't count," I magnanimously added, "because I like it."

"Oh! yes; I know your intentions are excellent," said Beatrice, with gentle malice, and I was greatly edified this morning by the persevering way in which you practised your exercises."

I hung my head penitently.

"It was such a lovely morning, I couldn't stick indoors over them. But I will next time," giving her a hearty hug. "You

see I have only just come home, Bicé, and I had such a dose of them at school."

"Poor Daisy!" she responded sympathetically. "It is too bad to tease you."

"Beatrice!" called my father's voice from within. He always called her by her name in full, saying it had too beautiful a signification to be contracted into the meaningless Bicé, fit enough for a little Italian contadina. And certainly according to artistic fitness he was right, for her stately name suited our queenly Beatrice far better than the fond diminutive by which I was accustomed to call her.

"I hope you won't mind, my dear," coming out to join us and speaking rather anxiously. "I have asked young Barrington to dinner. But I warned him he must take pot-luck."

"There is plenty of dinner, papa dear," she hastened to reassure him. "But you take my breath away. Who is young Barrington, and where did you pick him up?"

"The son of my old friend, James Barrington. You have often heard me talk of him."

"Never," she declared. But it was a way of my father's to spring old friends upon us suddenly, whose existence we had never heard of, and who had certainly never entered his thoughts for years. Yet he firmly persuaded himself that the friendship had continued uninterruptedly, and welcomed them with un-failing cordiality and pleasure.

"He seemed a nice, manly young fellow," he continued; "rather dull all alone at the hotel. I thought I couldn't do less than ask him to come in and dine with us, and I can tell you he jumped at it. But don't put yourself out for him. He is only a lad of two-and-twenty."

I pricked up my ears. Two-and-twenty has a very different sound to the ears of seventeen from what it has to the ears of fifty.

"Is he good looking?" I asked eagerly.

My father smiled.

"I don't know what young ladies admire, Pussy," he replied, pinching my ear. "He is a tall, straight young fellow with a clean English face, quite refreshing after these sallow Italians."

"What is he doing here?"

"Travelling for his amusement. He is the only son; and Barrington is a rich man, I fancy. By-the-bye, girls, I had almost forgotten. I brought you some flowers."

My dear chivalrous father! He was always full of these delicate little attentions for his daughters.

"What shall I wear, Bicé?" I asked confidentially, hanging on her arm as she went down to give some directions to the servants.

"Your pink muslin, darling; it suits you so well. You look like a little rosebud in it."

That was her sisterly partiality. But it was a tolerably nice looking, fresh specimen of English girlhood that smiled back at me from the glass before which I stood, surveying with considerable satisfaction my pretty new dress.

"Are you ready, Daisy? Ah, that is right," said my sister, coming into my room. "Run down, dear, in case he comes. I won't be long, but papa kept me."

I danced downstairs, pleasurably excited at the coming of the first young man since my grown-up days had begun. With a feeling of importance I seated myself in a big arm-chair, and rather hoped Bicé might be late that I might enjoy the dignity of enacting hostess.

A ring at the bell!

"Mr. Barrington," announced the servant, and a tall fair young man, in irreproachable evening costume, entered the room. A fit of foolish school-girl shyness came over me, and colouring up to the roots of my hair, I put out my hand awkwardly, feeling all angles.

"My sister will be down directly," I began, when I heard the soft rustle of her dress approaching, and with a feeling of relief retired into the background. Bicé came forward, tall and stately, dazzlingly fair in a soft white silk, high to the throat, fastened there with a cluster of tea roses. I saw with satisfaction the new comer go through some of the painful feelings of shyness with which he had inspired me, his sunburnt complexion deepening considerably as she greeted him with her usual graceful ease. Bicé was never shy; she was too unconscious. But this serene simplicity of hers was often not a little intimidating to strangers, and while I was always "Daisy" at once with every one, there were few who had got beyond "Miss Randolph" with her.

"After all he is only a boy," I thought to myself, regarding our new acquaintance with considerably diminished awe.

My father came in, full of apologies.

"My dear Barrington, I am disgracefully late. I am ashamed

to say I counted on your English unpunctuality. Will you take in my eldest daughter?"

I could not help noticing what a handsome pair they made, as young Barrington offered his arm to Beatrice. He was over six feet in height, and my father's description of "a clean English face" had done scant justice to his regular features and pleasant expression. I wondered as I heard my father give a short sigh if the same idea had occurred to him as to me, reminding him that any day he might be robbed of his dearly loved daughter.

There is nothing like a meal in common for breaking the formality of a new acquaintance. By the end of dinner Hugh Barrington no longer seemed a stranger. We had promised to constitute ourselves his guides to Florence, and a walk to San Miniato was arranged for two days later.

"And come in to luncheon afterwards, Barrington," urged my father hospitably. "Nonsense, man," as Barrington hesitated, looking at Beatrice in hopes she would second the invitation. "Beatrice will be delighted to have you. She is far too good a housekeeper to be put out by such a trifle as an extra person to luncheon."

"We shall be very pleased to see you, Mr. Barrington," said Bicé, her colour a little heightened, rising from the table, and the young man eagerly accepted.

"Well, Bicé," I exclaimed impatiently, when we found ourselves alone together in the drawing-room. "How do you like him?"

"Very much," she replied, absently playing with a paper knife.

"Don't you think he is just a little conceited?"

"No. Did you think so? I didn't observe it."

I smiled to myself.

"Do you think he is good looking?" I went on.

"Yes, decidedly. Don't you?"

"So, so. He has got such large hands."

"I can't bear to see a man with hands like a woman. I like him to have a hand that looks capable of doing something."

She looked up and caught sight of my eyes dancing with amusement.

"You naughty girl!" she exclaimed with a little confusion.

"I believe you were trying to draw me out."

"Don't be angry, Bicé," I said penitently, kneeling by her

side. "You are such an icicle generally that it is delightful to see you take the faintest interest in a young man."

"What nonsense, Daisy! As if I could take an interest in a young man I have seen for the first time to-day."

However, the effect of my teasing was, when my father and Hugh Barrington re-entered the room, to bring Beatrice off her pedestal of serene unconsciousness down to the ordinary level of blushing girlhood. It was like bringing the statue to life, like the dawn of spring in the air. Faint sweet blushes came and went in her cheeks; her usual serene indifferent manner was replaced by a captivating variability—now suddenly distant, remembering my teasing suggestion of her taking an interest in a strange young man; then sweetly cordial, as she feared she had been cold to her guest. I saw Hugh Barrington's eyes following her with growing admiration.

"Sing us something, Beatrice," said my father suddenly.

After events imprinted vividly on my memory every trifling incident of that evening when we saw Hugh Barrington for the first time. I seem to see the scene rise like a picture before me—the softly lighted room with its faint delicate scent of flowers; Bicé at the piano, her sweet full voice floating through the room, and Hugh Barrington bending over her under pretence of turning the leaves; myself with the privilege of a spoilt child seated on a footstool at my father's feet, with his arm thrown fondly round me, in the happy carelessness of early girlhood.

Bicé wandered on from one song to another, all with a ring of youth and gladness in them which struck me curiously, for she usually preferred more pathetic music. Some inward feeling seemed to find vent in her choice of songs. At last, weary, she closed the piano, and Hugh Barrington awoke with a start to the fact that it was growing very late.

"Till Saturday," he said, as he wished us good-bye.

High Mass at the Annunziata on Sunday morning; the beautiful music, the best in Florence, pealing from the splendid organ. Bicé by my side, her upturned eyes full of faith and devotion, was absorbed in prayer. I, sad to confess, less recollected, was letting my roving eyes stray round the church. Suddenly, much to my surprise, they fell upon Hugh Barrington's fair head, towering above the crowd of those who had come too late to secure seats. I had quite thought he was a Protestant. Living in Italy one unconsciously puts down every Englishman

as such until one finds out the contrary. Our eyes met, and I turned mine away reddening, ashamed of being caught paying so little attention to the service.

Mass came to an end, and Bicé arose from her knees. We followed slowly the crowd of worshippers flocking out of the church. Bicé kept her eyes cast down; she heartily disliked the careless Italian custom of exchanging greetings within the sacred edifice, and always endeavoured to avoid seeing any of our acquaintances.

As we came out of the door Hugh Barrington joined us.

"Why, Mr. Barrington," I exclaimed, unable to repress my curiosity any longer, "I never dreamt you were a Catholic."

"Why not, Miss Daisy?"

"Oh, because you are English."

"But so are you and your sister."

"Yes, I know. But our Italian friends were quite astonished to find we were Christians."

"Christians!" he repeated in bewilderment. "Do they think we are all heathens?"

"Oh, that is their expression," I rejoined, laughing. "I think it is rather a nice one. It reminds one of the old days of the martyrs. But it is rather insulting to Protestants."

"I should think so! I can imagine my father's horror if he heard it."

"Your father is not a Catholic, Mr. Barrington?" said Bicé, interrogatively.

"No; my mother was, and he promised her in the day when he was young and very much in love that all her children should be. I think he has sometimes regretted it since, but he is a man of his word, *et me voilà!*"

We were almost at home.

"Won't you come in and have luncheon?" asked Bicé.

"I am afraid I must not, Miss Randolph," he answered regretfully. "I have really been living in your house."

"No, have you?" I exclaimed. "I should never have guessed it. What a very quiet inmate you have been!"

He turned round laughing. A sort of *camaraderie* had already established itself between us, very different to the shy respectful feeling with which he regarded Beatrice.

"We have got a very nice luncheon," I began temptingly; "*Omelette aux champignons, cotelettes à la soubise, cold turkey—*"

"Daisy!" exclaimed Beatrice, reprovingly.

"Even with these temptations, Miss Daisy, I am afraid I must decline," laughed Hugh Barrington.

"Oh, I *am* so disappointed!" I exclaimed with a huge sigh when he had gone. "Why didn't you press him, Bicé? I am sure he would have stayed if you had."

"My dear, he probably had something else to do that he liked better," she replied quietly. "Remember he had our company half yesterday."

But I believe she was just as disappointed as I was, though she would not say so.

It was a heavenly afternoon, and about four o'clock Bicé proposed we should go and drive in the Caseine. I eagerly agreed, and we were soon swelling the throng of carriages that moved along by the side of the blue Arno. It was a gay, lively scene; everybody seemed to have put on their brightest smiles with their prettiest dresses to do honour to the lovely day. Along the pathway flowed a constant stream of people, laughing and talking with all the Italian light-heartedness, and passing amusing but not unkindly remarks on the occupants of the carriages.

"Look at Count Z—— *faisant son chic*," I exclaimed, as an Italian officer passed us on horseback, curbing in the unhappy animal to make him prance and rear, while he looked proudly round for admiration of his horsemanship. "Oh, Bicé, who threw those?" as two beautiful bouquets of roses and hyacinths fell into our carriage.

"It was Mr. Barrington," she replied with a slight blush, and looking round eagerly, I saw Hugh Barrington raising his hat to us.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed, inhaling mine with rapture. "I was just envying that lady who passed with hers. But ours are ever so much nicer. He really is a very nice young man, Bicé," I concluded with conviction.

Bicé did not answer; she was bending over her flowers with a dreamy, abstracted expression.

"Beatrice," said my father the next evening at dinner, "I met young Barrington this afternoon, looking rather bored, and I asked him to come and dine with us to-night. He had an engagement, but he seemed so disappointed that I told him to come in afterwards if he liked. I thought you would not mind."

"Not at all, papa," replied Beatrice demurely.

From that night Hugh Barrington took to dropping in constantly after dinner. Beatrice used to sing to him, and we soon discovered that he had a voice too. Then began duets and consultations over their songs, when I used to feel rather out of it, and came to the conclusion that the rôle of the odd gooseberry is not an amusing one to fill. Beatrice, poor darling, was quite unconscious; she never noticed how small a part I took now in the conversation, and would have been greatly vexed if she had known how many yawns I heroically stifled. But she looked so prettily, unconsciously happy that I would not have let her guess for the world. I do not think she half understood what was the dawning feeling that threw a new rosy light over everything—that made her listen with a dreamy, fresh enjoyment to the familiar song of the birds, and cast a glamour over her daily household duties.

One evening we were gathered together as usual: Bicé and Hugh in animated discussion over a book he had recommended her; papa had retired to his beloved newspaper; and I was plunged in the thrilling pages of *Jane Eyre*, which I had only lately been promoted to read, with my grown-up frocks and cessation of lessons.

The door opened.

"The Conte and the Contessina Donati" were announced.

The Contessina Gemma Donati was my special aversion. She was Bicé's greatest friend, and I never could understand the attraction she possessed for my open-hearted, high-minded sister. I hated to see them together. Gemma's beauty had no charm for me; her small flat head and shining eyes, the lithe grace of her figure, and her slow, undulating movements, reminded me of a beautiful deadly serpent, and when I watched her caressing manner to my sister, I could not help thinking of the snake charming its victim before destroying it. It was a strange morbid idea, and Beatrice, to whom I once expressed something of it, was shocked and horrified, but I could not rid myself of it. I fancy Gemma guessed my dislike, but apparently did not care to try and overcome it, as she might perhaps have done had she chosen to exert her extraordinary power of fascination.

Her brother Carlo was an ordinary handsome young Italian, passionate and hot-blooded, but very inferior to his sister in mind and strength of character. Yet she loved him with an

absorbing intensity which he requited with a very equable brotherly liking.

"Dear Gemma," exclaimed Beatrice, rising eagerly to greet her friend, "this is a delightful surprise. I had no idea you were back in Florence. And you, Carlo, I have not seen you for ages."

She frankly extended her hand to the young man, who raised it to his lips. His adoration for Beatrice by turns amused and disgusted me. With my truly British contempt for foreigners, I thought it great presumption on his part to raise his eyes to Beatrice, but I was occasionally tickled by what seemed to me the comical aspect of his theatrical airs of devotion.

Hugh Barrington came up to me with a look of annoyance on his handsome features.

"Who are these Donatis, Daisy?" he asked (he had already fallen into the general habit of calling me by my Christian name). How is it I have never heard of them before?"

"Dear Mr. Barrington," I replied with a mocking curtsy, "considering we have only had the pleasure of your acquaintance for about three weeks, it is hardly strange you should not know the names of all our friends."

He could not help laughing a little at my impertinence. Presently I saw him stroll up to Beatrice, casting as he passed a supercilious look at Carlo, who returned it with one of defiance.

"Miss Randolph," he said, in a tone more of command than entreaty, "are you not going to give us any music to-night?"

Bicé rose obediently and moved to the piano, Hugh following her with a cool air of proprietorship. Carlo watched them with a look of angry jealousy. I was crossing the room to take Beatrice's place by Gemma when he stopped me.

"Who is that young Englishman," he asked in a tone of suppressed rage, "who looks at Bicé like that?"

"Really, Carlo," I answered aggravatingly—I did not love either of the Donatis—"do you think no one may admire Bicé but yourself?"

He gave me an evil look, and muttered something uncomplimentary between his teeth, for which I thanked him with a bow and sweet smile.

"What shall I sing?" I heard Bicé say, as she turned over the music with Hugh Barrington bending over her.

"Sing this," he answered, placing a piece before her. She blushed a little, but after a moment's hesitation began.

Ah ! love, the night that first we met
Our happy hearts shall ne'er forget !
Methought I but half lived before,
While yet I knew thee not. I saw
A richer fuller half arise,
Awake to life in thy sweet eyes.
Dear love, that night when first we met,
God grant our hearts may ne'er forget !

It was a favourite little air that had just come out, and Hugh had brought it to Bicé a night or two before. In itself it was nothing, but there was a tremulous, vibrating tone in her voice as she sung it that attracted my attention—and not mine only, but Carlo Donati's. I happened to look round, and caught his eyes fixed upon Beatrice with a look of devouring passion. I shivered a little with nervousness ; there seemed to me an electric, unnatural feeling in the room, as if we were on the verge of an explosion.

The last tender, trembling notes of Bicé's voice died away ; she rose and began putting back the music. I saw Hugh Barrington stoop down and say something in a low voice, which brought a crimson flood of blushes to her face. She cast down her eyes, and her fingers began playing nervously with the flowers in her belt. His gaze followed them, and he whispered something entreatingly. She hesitated, then detaching them from her dress, she divided the flowers, placed, without raising her eyes, one deep crimson rose in his hand, and moved hurriedly away.

It was a pretty picture, but Carlo did not seem to think so. His face was livid, and the veins of one hand with which he had grasped a chair beside him were swollen almost to starting with the effort to control his passion. Bicé, all unconscious, came up to him and began speaking, her usual sweet kindness of manner touched by a vague, indescribable softness that made it yet more winning. He answered her shortly and constrainedly at first, but gradually I saw him yielding to her gentle influence, his brow clearing, and a more human expression returning to his eyes.

Meanwhile Hugh, raising his head with a look of triumph, had moved to the window, and, thinking himself unobserved, he pressed the flower passionately to his lips before placing it in his button-hole. As he came back I noticed that his face

was flushed with excitement. He seated himself by Gemma Donati, who had been looking decidedly bored by my efforts to entertain her, distracted as they were by my keen interest in the little play enacted before me. She had allowed two or three undisguised yawns to escape her; but now as Hugh Barrington came up she brightened, and put forward all her powers of attraction. But for once they were thrown away. Hugh's attention was almost as distracted as mine had been; his answers were given *à tort et à travers*; and as for her melting glances, he absolutely did not see them, for his eyes were following every movement of Bicé's. Gemma bit her lips with vexation. Decidedly neither brother nor sister had a success that evening, and now that my nervousness had subsided, I could not help feeling a malicious glee at their discomfiture.

PART II.

IT was one of those enervating days that come in the early spring, when even the wind is warm—the hot-breathed, oppressive scirocco. I had established myself comfortably in the window recess looking into the garden, with a light novel, full of conversation. Deep studies of character and philosophical disquisitions would have been far too exhausting for my idle frame of mind. Bicé, who did not seem to feel the heat like my restless self, was giving the finishing touches to a water-colour drawing.

A servant threw open the door and announced—

“Count Donati.”

“Dear me! what can he want?” I thought with vexation. “What a bore! I hope to goodness he won't see me!”

And I shrank back further into the recess.

Bicé rose to receive him with a little surprise. He came forward looking rather embarrassed.

“I have brought you some flowers, Signorina Beatrice,” he began, presenting her with a magnificent bunch of roses.

“This is a new phase of his adoration,” I said to myself in astonishment. “Let us hope it will last. It is decidedly pleasanter than the scowling and jealous one.”

“It is very kind of you, Carlo,” Bicé was saying. “Won't you sit down?”

He seated himself on the edge of the nearest chair, and began nervously turning his hat round, apparently at a loss for something to say. My curiosity more and more excited by his remarkable behaviour, I cautiously moved a little forward to see better.

Suddenly to my horror I saw him fling himself on his knees before my sister.

"Oh, Beatrice!" he cried passionately, "I cannot be silent any longer—I adore you!"

And seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses.

Beatrice snatched it away, her face flushing with annoyance.

"Get up at once, Carlo," she said angrily. "What absurd idea is this?"

"It is no idea. It is the passion of my life. You must have seen how I worship you."

"Considering that only six months ago you were dying of love for the Countess Melzini, I should have been clever indeed to have guessed it!" retorted Bicé, more put out than I had ever seen her.

"The Countess Melzini!" he exclaimed in a tone of contempt. "Who told you that foolish story? I have never loved any one but you. Oh, Beatrice, you must care for me! Say that you love me a little!"

"I am very sorry, Carlo," she replied more kindly, "but I cannot. The idea never entered my head that you cared for me."

"Oh, Beatrice, do not say so!" flinging himself at her feet, and trying to kiss the hem of her garment. "Give me a little hope. I cannot live without you."

"A regular Italian!" I exclaimed to myself in disgust. "Fancy an Englishman rolling on the floor like that because the girl he was in love with would not have him!"

Bicé looked troubled and distressed.

"Dear Carlo," she said pleadingly, "be reasonable. This is a sudden fancy, and it will pass away. Why, we have been friends for the last five years, and you never thought of such a thing till now. Let us forget it and be as we were before."

"Never, Beatrice!" he exclaimed wildly and tragically. "You might as well bid the rushing torrent be peaceful as the stagnant pool. Can you not care for me? You who are so good to every one, have you not a little kindness for me?"

His burning eyes seemed to devour her face, but he could read there only a sorrowful denial. Suddenly his face changed.

"Ah!" he cried with a sudden fury, grasping her arm. "Is it that fair-haired, cold-blooded Englishman who has stolen your love from me?"

"Carlo, you are beside yourself!" exclaimed Beatrice, pale with indignation. "How dare you speak to me like that! Mr. Barrington has never said a word of love to me. If he did not exist my answer would be the same."

To my surprise the furious look faded out of his face. He dropped her arm and said quite humbly:

"Forgive me, Beatrice. I was mad with jealousy. But since you are still free, I have hope yet. I will wait—I will win you to love me."

"No, no!" cried Bicé in much distress. "Do not deceive yourself. I love you as a friend, as Gemma's brother, but it can never be anything more."

He did not seem discouraged. Taking her hand to bid her farewell, he perceived her arm red and discoloured by his violent grasp.

"Bicé, what a brute I was!" he exclaimed remorsefully, all his passion gone. "Can you forgive me?"

"Freely, Carlo," she heartily replied. "But remember," she added earnestly, "I can give you no other answer."

He was gone at last! I rushed out of my hiding-place.

"Oh, Bicé," I cried impetuously, "how hateful these Italians are!"

"You here, Daisy!" she said, turning round and looking surprised and annoyed.

"Don't be angry, Bicé," I said, hanging my head. "I thought at first you knew I was in the recess. And afterwards Carlo looked so excited that I should have been afraid to leave you alone with him. I nearly rushed forward to protect you when I saw him seize your arm."

"Foolish child!" she said, smiling a little, but now that the excitement had faded, looking so pale and exhausted that I took alarm.

"You look quite ill, Bicé, darling!"

"It upset me a good deal," she owned, sinking wearily into a chair and laying her head on my shoulder. "Do you think," appealingly, "that I have encouraged him at all?"

"Certainly not, my sweet," I replied energetically. "As if anybody could think you would marry a wretched Italian!"

She could not help smiling at the form of my re-assurance.

"I am afraid you can hardly expect an Italian to look at it from the same point of view, Daisy. But I don't think I have."

"You have only been your own sweet self to him," I answered, kissing her. "I don't wonder at his falling in love with you. But the impertinence of expecting you to care for *him*!"

Bicé and I took a long drive together into the country that afternoon in her little pony-carriage. It seemed a return of the old days before these troublesome lovers intruded into our life, and I was suddenly struck with the fact that it was the first time for days I had had Bicé completely to myself. We drove on and on through the smiling country, Bicé's spirits returning in the free, open air and old jests of our childhood falling merrily from our lips. At last the afternoon began to draw in and we had to turn our pony's head homeward. A more serious mood came over us. I drew closer to Beatrice and stole my arm round her waist.

"Ah, Bicé!" I whispered, "how nice it is to love one another as we do! When I think of some sisters who do not care to be together, who are even jealous of one another, I feel so thankful to God who gave us to each other. And you will always love me, Bicé, will you not?"

"My own warm-hearted Daisy, who could help it?" she answered tenderly.

"Even if you marry?" I insisted, with a vague apprehension.

"Even if I marry, silly child," she repeated with a smile and a slight blush.

The streets of Florence were beginning to light up as we re-entered them, and all along the Arno the gleaming lamps were reflected in the flowing water. The old Ponte Vecchio lay in the background, a quaint romantic picture by this light, with any unsightliness softened away in the surrounding shadow. The fresh cool air blew into our faces and seemed to clear away the last faint clouds of the day's annoyance from our minds.

That evening also we spent alone together, for papa was dining out. I little knew that it was the last evening we should spend still all in all to each other with no one to come between. But some vague presentiment seemed to bid me value each moment, and I hung about Bicé with an unusual

fondness in my manner. I lingered in her room when we went up to bed as if unable to leave her, until at last she dismissed me, saying, laughingly, that I should lose all my roses if I stayed up so late. It was our last night of unrestrained sisterly intercourse.

The next evening Hugh Barrington came to dinner. Bicé's manner to him was rather shy and reserved and she did not speak much. I fancy she was embarrassed by the remembrance of Carlo Donati's accusation. Hugh seemed perplexed by the change, and I saw him give several furtive, anxious glances at her face when she was not looking, as if trying to read the reason of her altered manner.

After dinner papa, who had given up treating Hugh with ceremony, ensconced himself comfortably in an arm-chair for his accustomed nap. Hugh approached Beatrice with a diffident conscious air, very different to his usual self-confidence.

"Miss Randolph," he said, pleadingly, "it is such a lovely night. Will you come out into the garden a little?"

Beatrice consented.

"Will you come, Daisy?"

"I would rather not, Bicé, if you don't mind. I want to finish my book."

Somewhat to my indignation I caught sight of an expression of satisfaction on Hugh's face.

"Well," I consoled myself philosophically, "I suppose it is the natural course of things, and if I must have a brother-in-law I would rather have Hugh Barrington than Carlo Donati."

And I returned to my novel. I was soon so deeply absorbed that I lost all sense of how time was passing. At last I reached the last page and with a sigh of contentment closed the volume—to discover with astonishment that more than an hour had passed. I was beginning to wonder what Bicé and Hugh Barrington could be doing all that time, when the heavy crimson curtain that covered the window was lifted and Hugh came into the room alone.

"Why, where is Bicé?" I asked in surprise.

"She has gone up to her room and asked me to say good-night for her."

"She is not ill?" I exclaimed, starting up.

"Oh, no! only a little tired."

Something in his voice made me look at him more closely. His face was flushed and his blue eyes were shining with

pleasurable excitement. He looked so radiantly handsome that I was quite dazzled.

"I don't wonder Bicé likes him," I thought to myself.

"Good-night, Daisy," he said, stooping down. I really thought he was going to kiss me, but my astonished face seemed to recall him to himself and he drew back, reddening, with a little laugh.

"Excuse me, Daisy. I don't know what I was thinking of."

We shook hands in silence, I feeling considerably mystified by his peculiar manner. Directly he had gone I hurried up to Bicé's room. She was not there, but the window on to the balcony was open, and stepping towards it I saw my sister outside, a fluffy white shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, and looking in the moonlight of such an unearthly beauty that a vague fear seemed to contract my heart. I loved her so dearly that sometimes at night I used to wake with a start of terror, thinking what I should do if I lost her.

"Bicé," I cried, "how can you be so imprudent! Fancy, sitting out in the night air this time of year!"

She turned towards me a dreamy face, full of a rapt subdued happiness.

"It is too fine to hurt me, Daisy," she answered. Then suddenly holding out her hands to me with a yearning look, she whispered:

"Kiss me, darling. I am so happy!"

"Oh, Bicé, Bicé, something has happened!" I exclaimed, flinging my arms around her and drawing her face down to my kisses. "Has he——?"

"Yes," she answered, simply, a faint colour stealing into her face. "This evening Hugh," lingering over the name with a tenderness that even I had never heard in her voice before, "told me that he loved me."

I could not speak for a moment. I would not let her see my selfishness, but my first feeling was of intense pain that Bicé was my Bicé no longer, and that one who I rebelliously felt could not love her one-half so well as I did, was now and for ever first in her thoughts and her love. Now that the blow had fallen all my clear-sightedness did not seem to have prepared me in the least. But with a hard effort I crushed down the feeling and only said:

"May he be worthy of you, my darling!"

"May God help me to make him happy!" she answered

reverently, looking up to Heaven with a depth of thankfulness in her happy eyes.

The next morning Hugh was closeted with my father, who was greatly pleased at what he heard, for he had grown very fond of Hugh, but immensely surprised.

"Why, papa, you *are* blind!" I saucily exclaimed. "I saw it from the very first."

"I hope you will give me the kiss this morning, Daisy, that I so nearly took last night," was Hugh Barrington's laughing salutation. "How do you think you will like me as a brother?"

"As well as I can like any one who takes away Bicé," I replied, trying to smile, but with a little tremble in my voice. "Oh, Hugh, you will be good to her, will you not?"

"Indeed I will, Daisy," he replied earnestly. "Trust me, my little sister. I know I do not deserve her, but she shall never repent her choice if I can help it." And stooping down he sealed his words with a hearty, brotherly kiss.

Ah! Bicé, my darling, I would fain linger over those days when the rosy light of love was shed over your life. Alas! the cup of earthly happiness was but held to your lips to be snatched away. A few short days when the glamour was over everything, when life seemed more beautiful than the fairest dream, and then——!

Like an English summer were those early days of March. As I threw open my window in the early morning the fresh, sweet air filled me with a longing to be out. The streets were literally perfumed with flowers.

"Hugh," said Beatrice one morning, "have you been to Fiesole yet?"

"No," he answered lazily. "Is there anything to see there?"

"What!" I exclaimed indignantly. "You have had it before your eyes every day since you have been here and you have never yet been to see it?"

"Daisy is hot on the subject," said Bicé, laughing. "But would you like to drive up there this afternoon? We will take tea with us, and Daisy will make it."

He was sitting outside on the low window-sill, the morning breeze ruffling his fair hair. As she spoke she rested her hand gently on his shoulder with a caressing touch. I saw him draw it down and kiss it as he answered lightly:

"Your will is law, my queen."

Some hours later the pony-carriage stood at the door, and Hugh was helping me to pack the basket.

"People who are in love are above caring for what they eat, of course," I remarked, "so all these good things will fall to me," pointing to a tempting array of dainties from Douey, *the* confectioner of Florence.

"Do not flatter yourself with that hope, Daisy," he rejoined gaily. "Those ethereal-looking trifles are just suited to my condition."

But here was Bicé, cool and fresh-looking in a simple black and white silk, a bunch of violets fastened in the black lace at her throat, and a pretty shady hat to protect her from the sun.

"You must let me drive you, Hugh," she said, taking the reins. "If you are very good you shall drive back."

He helped me into the seat behind and took his own beside her with a look of mock resignation. We were in merry spirits: Hugh and I exchanging a constant fire of jesting repartee, and Bicé's laugh ringing out more frequently than usual, infected by our nonsense.

We left our little pony-carriage at the inn in the market-place, and walked up the last stiff bit of the hill. A crowd of basket sellers followed us, and addressed themselves to Hugh and Bicé with an instinct that did not deceive them. Bicé, always tender-hearted, would fain to-day have made every one share in her happiness, and Hugh scattered coins right and left with an Englishman's careless liberality. Escaping from the shower of blessings invoked upon their heads, they turned the corner, and left the shrill voiced recipients of their bounty behind.

On the summit of the hill stands the Franciscan monastery, looking down through a grove of fir trees on the little town of Fiesole beneath. There is a strange peaceful charm about this quiet retreat. But a moment before we were in the hot, dusty road, a troop of noisy beggars surrounding us: with a sudden hush we passed into the tranquil shade, our feet treading the cool, green grass, the tumult of the world seeming miles away. Along one side ran the narrow cloister, with its golden roof and background of sombre cypresses. The door of the church stood open; we saw an old monk come out of the monastery, a peaceful, holy expression on his face as of one who lives in God's presence, and pass in to say his prayers.

Bicé's gaze followed him; she turned to her lover.

"Hugh," she said in a low voice, "will you come in with me and let us thank God for making us happy."

He bared his head and followed her. As he knelt down beside her, I saw her eyes rest upon him with a look of unutterable love, then turn towards the altar with a mute thanksgiving that he, her dearest upon earth, knelt beside her in reverent homage to the God she so faithfully served.

Was he worthy of so deep and pure a love? I watched him with an inward misgiving. We had liked each other from the first; brave, handsome, and manly, to outward appearance a lover of whom any girl might be proud: yet—had he the depth of character, the refinement of soul, to appreciate my Beatrice as she deserved?

I wandered out of the church and strolled, wrapt in thought, to the edge of the little parapet, from which the ground fell abruptly and precipitously away.

A light touch on my arm aroused me.

"Why, Daisy," exclaimed Bicé's laughing voice, "actually buried in thought! What *could* be the subject that absorbed you so deeply?"

"Never think, Daisy," joined in Hugh. "It is fatiguing to the brain."

"Surely you do not speak from experience, Hugh," I promptly retorted.

"You are beaten, Hugh, you are beaten," cried Bicé, gaily. "She had the better of you there."

He good humouredly acknowledged himself worsted, and with pretended humility tendered his services to the enemy in unpacking the basket. They were graciously accepted; a miniature cloth was spread beneath the trees, and a little spirit kettle placed in a sheltered nook was soon hissing merrily. Our preparations were watched with keen interest by a solemn faced boy who followed me closely. He looked so grave that I could not resist trying if a cake would cause him to unbend, but save for a twinkle in his eye, his countenance remained unchanged, and he ate it with critical deliberation.

Tea ended, we strolled down the hill to pick up our little carriage, and I insisted on Hugh's visiting the cathedral, though he rebelliously declared it was the most unsightly building he had ever seen.

"It is the oldest church for miles around," I asserted.

"And the ugliest, I should think!" he retorted.

The sun was low in the heavens as we started on our return home, yet we felt loth to hurry back.

"Look, Hugh," said Bicé, softly. We were slowly descending the hill. At our feet lay the lovely Val d'Arno bathed in a soft, hazy light. Far away to the distant hills wound the river like a blue ribbon through the meadows. And nearer, yet with a certain vapoury indistinctness, the beautiful city, its fair cathedral rising like a queen in the midst.

The tender charm of the evening hour seemed to fall like a spell upon our spirits. I drank in with a subdued enjoyment that was almost pain the dreamy beauty of the scene. From time to time, scarcely breaking the stillness, came the distant tinkling of horses' bells as the contadini returned to their homes.

Those in front seemed to have forgotten my presence. They had sunk into silence, and Hugh, possessing himself of Bicé's hand, had let the reins fall on the pony's neck.

"Bicé!" he said, breaking the silence at length in a low passionate voice, "I wish this drive could last for ever."

She lifted up her eyes shining through tears.

"Oh, Hugh," she murmured, "love me always! I think I should die if I lost your love!"

I was standing ready dressed in the hall next morning waiting for Bicé. A ring at the bell, followed by the entrance of my brother-in-law elect.

"What, Hugh, already?" I greeted him. All the better. You can come with us to the Caseine. Bicé and I were going for a walk before the heat of the day."

"I wish I could, Daisy," he answered regretfully. "But I have some business to do for my father, and I came to tell Bicé I could not be here till late this afternoon."

"Here she comes," I observed, as I heard her light step descending the stairs.

"Daisy," she began, then broke off, her face lighting up as she caught sight of Hugh.

"So soon?" she said, with a bright smile of welcome.

"Only, unfortunately, to say I cannot stay, my dearest," he replied. "Some tiresome business of my father's, which will take me away from you nearly all day. But you are going out? I will walk part of the way with you."

He accompanied us to the gates of the Caseine, and there reluctantly took his leave.

"Till this afternoon, Bicé," he said lingeringly, raising her hand to his lips. She stood looking after him as he strode away down the Lung'Arno, his tall manly figure noticeable for a long way down. Once he turned and caught sight of her watching him; he waved his hand in farewell, and passed out of sight.

Bicé shivered and drew a deep breath; then smiled at her own weakness.

"You will think me very foolish, Daisy," she said. "I felt for the moment as if he were passing out of my life for ever."

"What a morbid idea!" I exclaimed laughing. We strolled away beneath the long avenue of trees, talking gaily, and planning all sorts of delightful castles in the air. I do not know how long it was before I began to have a nervous feeling that some one was following us. I fancied I heard footsteps, but when I stopped to listen, I heard nothing. Nobody was to be seen, and Bicé in her turn rallied me with being morbid. I tried to put the idea out of my head; we quickened our pace, the invigorating morning air seeming to put new life into our veins. At last Bicé said she was tired, and sat down on one of the stone benches. I wandered away through an opening in the shrubbery to gaze at the river. As I stood listening to its rippling murmur a sound of voices fell upon my ear. Surely that was Bicé's. Who could she be speaking to?

I stole quietly back, and came unobserved behind the bush against which her seat was placed. A man with a large slouched hat and a long cloak thrown loosely round him, was standing before her. It was Carlo Donati, and with a flash of conviction I felt sure it was he who had been following us all the time.

"They tell me," he was saying, his eyes glaring wildly round, "that you are engaged to the Englishman. Is it true?"

She faltered "Yes." Her face was pale, and she looked rather frightened.

"Then you deceived me when you said he had never spoken a word of love to you."

"No, Carlo," she answered, regaining a little courage, "I told the truth. He never had then."

"I watched him leave you a while ago. I could have found it in my heart at that moment to kill you both," he said, with a sombre intensity of passion before which Bicé shrank back in alarm.

He saw her movement and smiled bitterly.

"No, do not be afraid. The feeling is past. You are safe."

He stood gazing with a passionate hungry longing at her fair face, bent down with a troubled expression. Suddenly he flung himself at her feet, crying.

"Ah, Bicé, Bicé, think what you are doing. Can he love you, that stranger whom you have only known a few days, as I do who have worshipped you for years? Does the sight of you make the blood course like fire in his veins?"

"Oh, Carlo, what can I say to you?" exclaimed Bicé, the tears starting to her eyes. "Why do you love me like this who cannot give it back to you?"

In her compassion she placed her hand gently on his head, damp with the violence of his passion. He drew it down and kissed it madly.

"Ah, my Bicé, let me keep that sweet hand! You shall never repent it. I will make you forget that cold Englishman and his pale shadowy love."

"Carlo, you are distracted," said Bicé, painfully moved. "You know it is impossible."

He flung her hand away and rose to his feet.

"You will not, Bicé?" he said with a strange, ominous calm, putting his hand inside his cloak.

"I cannot, Carlo."

"Then on your head be it!" And drawing out a pistol he deliberately put it to his mouth and drew the trigger.

I sprang forward with a wild, terrified shriek. Too late! He lay dead at Bicé's feet, his life-blood bathing the skirt of her dress.

To my dying day I shall never forget that awful sight; that face, disfigured beyond recognition, staring up to heaven; that form, still for ever, which a moment before had been full of passionate life; and above, around, the fair blue sky, the smiling tranquil scene, still and lovely, as if no such terrible tragedy had changed the current of our lives for ever!

"Oh, my God!" I exclaimed, bursting into tears and trembling from head to foot, "have mercy on him!"

Bicé stood as if turned to stone, no word issuing from her ashy lips. A crowd was beginning to gather round us, I heard their low voiced, horror stricken comments, saw them casting curious glances at Bicé. With a shrinking horror of their observations I tried to drag her away, but she seemed rooted to the spot.

Suddenly I heard a commotion, saw a movement in the surrounding crowd. It parted as a woman with frenzied air and wildly disordered garments broke her way through.

It was Gemma Donati!

She stood for one moment gazing down at the dead, her features working convulsively, then she slowly turned. I shrank back involuntarily. Her face to her very lips was lividly pale, save for two fever spots that burned on each cheek; her eyes gleamed with a terrible light.

"May the curse of Heaven light upon your head!" she said with a slow distinct enunciation, fixing her eyes upon Bicé. "May your cold heart break with sorrow as you have broken his!"

With a cry of horror I flung myself in front of Bicé, but Gemma had moved away, and was gazing down once more at the corpse of her brother. I saw her lips move, but no sound escaped them.

"Oh, Bicé, Bicé, come away!" I whispered in agonized entreaty, trembling lest Gemma should turn upon her again. She yielded to my touch, and followed me mechanically, with the strange expression her face had worn since Carlo fell lifeless at her feet. I got her into a carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive home as quickly as possible. My heart was sinking with anxiety at her strange appearance. I spoke to her, but she took no notice; I lifted her hand—it was as cold as ice.

At length we reached home. With the same strained fixed gaze, as if she saw some frightful vision hidden from me, she entered the house and walked up to her room. I wanted to come in with her, but she waved me aside with an imperative gesture that I dared not withstand, and went in alone.

Reviews.

I.—ST. ALPHONSUS ON THE INCARNATION.¹

ONE of the manifold wonders in the Lives of the Saints was the incredible amount of work that many of them got through. In spite of ill-health and continual infirmities, in spite of many hours of the day and sometimes half the night spent in prayer, in spite of confessions heard by thousands and tens of thousands, they managed to write voluminous treatises of dogmatic, ascetic, and moral theology. Their works, so far from showing signs of haste and containing errors which one would have thought could scarcely be avoided among their multitudinous occupations, are so correct in doctrine that it would seem as though they had devoted all their time to the study of dogmatic theology, and their accuracy would be unaccountable except on the theory of their having been guided by the Source of all wisdom and all truth. Their ascetical works are full of attractive piety and are deeply imbued with, nay, we should rather say constitute, the science of the saints. It is by their communing with the Saint of Saints that they attain this scientific skill; it is the deep draughts that they drink in of the water of life that renders their writings so refreshing to the thirsty souls of the wanderer through the barren desert of human existence and through this vale of tears.

Among these universalists in saintly activity St. Alphonsus takes a foremost place. No one was more devoted to work for souls than he, no one more constant in prayer, and at the same time no one whose judgment was more accurate or knowledge more extensive in the department of scientific moral theology. We have never up to the present time had all his ascetical works put before us in English in a complete series, but we are

¹ *The Incarnation, Birth, and Infancy of Jesus Christ*; or, the Mysteries of the Faith. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Doctor of the Church. Edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.S.S.R. (The Centenary Edition.) Benziger Brothers, New York, &c.

glad to see that the American Redemptorists of the Province of Baltimore are now paying this tribute to their saintly founder.

The volume we have before us is one very suitable to the present season. It contains a series of meditations on the Incarnation, Birth, and Infancy of our Lord. Commencing with a novena of discourses preparatory to Christmas, and another for the feast itself and for New Year's Day, it proceeds to elaborate the same subject in a rich variety of meditations for the days of Advent, for the octaves of Christmas and the Epiphany. The latter portion of the volume deals with the same subjects in a rather different way. Some forty "Darts of Fire" put before us a number of proofs of the love of Jesus as shown in the work of Redemption, most beautifully and touchingly expressed. These are followed by "pious sentiments" and "signs of love," a novena to the Holy Name, and other helps to Devotion to the Sacred Infancy. It is needless for us to assure our readers of the suggestive beauty of the holy thoughts which are to be found on every page of this volume. It is enough to say that St. Alphonsus is their author. But lest any of our readers should not be familiar with the ascetical style of the Saint, we give one short extract. It is part of a meditation for one of the days between Christmas and the Epiphany.

There are two principal occupations of a solitary,—to pray, and to do penance. Behold the Infant Jesus in the little grotto of Bethlehem giving us the example. He, in the crib which He chose for his oratory upon earth, never ceases to pray, and to pray continually, to the Eternal Father. There He constantly makes acts of adoration, of love, and of prayer.

Before this time the Divine Majesty had been, it is true, adored by men and by angels; but God had not received from all these creatures that honour which the Infant Jesus gave Him by adoring Him in the stable where He was born. Let us, therefore, constantly unite our adorations to those of Jesus Christ when He was upon this earth.

Oh, how beautiful and perfect were the acts of love which the Incarnate Word made to His Father in His prayer! God had given to man the commandment to love Him with all his heart and all his strength; but this precept had never been perfectly fulfilled by any man. The first to accomplish it amongst women was Mary, and amongst men the first was Jesus Christ, who fulfilled it in a degree infinitely superior to Mary. The love of the seraphim may be said to be cold in comparison with the love of this Holy Infant. Let us

learn from Him to love the Lord our God as He ought to be loved ; and let us beseech Him to communicate to us a spark of that pure love with which He loved the Divine Father in the stable of Bethlehem (p. 261).

These volumes are beautifully got up and well printed, and are very suitable as presents to any one whom we desire to encourage to a greater devotion to the Incarnation and Holy Infancy of our Blessed Lord.

2.—ST. AUGUSTINE.¹

St. Augustine is a well-written and most edifying biography of the great African Doctor, the result, we learn from the Preface, of a "Two years' residence at Algiers, in quest of health." The writer has chosen, very happily, to tell the story of the Saint's life, as far as possible, in the Saint's own words, "The first seven chapters being taken almost entirely from the *Confessions*" (Pref.), and throughout the remainder of the volume, a generous space is given in which St. Augustine speaks for himself to us. It would be almost an impertinence to our readers, to commend the unapproachable beauty of the original text ; and we could give no higher praise to the modern writer than by witnessing that he has given us a faithful and not unworthy popular introduction in English, to the Saint's own words. The volume is too small to admit of more than a scanty selection from St. Augustine's own account of his life, but the selection is careful and well-judged, and the English, into which it is rendered, is faithful and always idiomatic and intelligible. There is, scattered throughout the book, in addition to the translations, a remarkable amount of collateral information, greatly condensed and of the most useful kind ; as, for example, the general rules of interpretation given in the last chapter, which, if faithfully followed, are sufficient to arm the ordinary reader against most Protestant misquotation from the Fathers. Indeed, our chief criticism would be that the work of compression has been carried so far as to render the book, at times, obscure to the class of readers for whom it is intended. We think, too,

¹ *St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor. A Historical Study.* By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission, a Pilgrim to Hippo. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

that it is a mistake to use alternately the two forms of the Saint's name, "Augustine" and "Austin." Either name has sufficient authority to place its use beyond the reach of legitimate criticism; but it is better after adopting one form, to adhere to it, to the exclusion of the other. These, we confess, are minor criticisms, and we put them forth in the hope that *St. Augustine* may soon reach, as it thoroughly deserves, a second edition, in which, not only such slight defects may be corrected, but more space given to the writer for a fuller treatment of his subject. This last deficiency, we may note, could be satisfied without increasing the size of the volume, by the use of smaller type and of thinner paper: for in both these respects, the publisher has been, to our minds, unnecessarily generous. There are many reasons why a popular introduction to the Saint and his works is greatly needed in our times. In the first place, there are perhaps no writings, short of Holy Scripture itself, which have been so misquoted and distorted to support the most mischievous and contradictory forms of heresy; and it requires but the slightest knowledge of the context or of the general teaching of the Saint, to detect the treachery, with which detached expressions from his works have been utilized to support the very errors that he has himself denounced. St. Augustine, too for his own sake, has powerful and special claims on our devotion. He is one of those rare instances of the union, in a single individual, of the very highest gifts of both intellect and heart. As doctor and theologian he shares with St. Thomas a position which is absolutely unique in the Catholic Church: as an example, and as preacher of the highest perfection of Divine love, he can only be compared with St. Teresa, to whom, as to him, Christian art has assigned the emblem of the pierced heart. The temptations and surroundings of his early life, and indeed the anti-Catholic influences which he combated in his later years, bear an extraordinary resemblance to the peculiar difficulties which face the Church of God in our own days; a parallel which our author has utilized with much effect. For these, and similar reasons, too obvious to require further insisting upon here, we feel justified in recommending, with more than ordinary earnestness, this book to all who are in the position to further its wide circulation.

3.—MARY STUART.¹

This most important contribution to the biography of Mary Stuart, is worthy of the reputation of its author. It can be compared to *La jeunesse d'Elizabeth*, and the two works offer a most striking contrast between the two Queens. Just as the history of Elizabeth's youth throws a brilliant light upon the character of that extraordinary woman, so this careful study of Mary Stuart's early days clears away many prejudices against that unfortunate Princess, whose after-life has been supposed to be the natural result of her education in the corrupt and godless Court of France. Far from her having been under the evil influence of Catharine de' Medici, that typical woman of the Renaissance was always an avowed enemy of the Scottish girl, who fortunately was confided to purer and holier hands. The devoted Antoinette de Bourbon, her maternal grandmother, the widow of the first Duke of Guise, directed her education. She was a woman fitted in every way for her important charge, a fervent Catholic, a devoted wife, an excellent ruler of her household (p. 95). We see too, how under the guidance of the great Cardinal of Guise, whose character has been so splendidly vindicated by Ranke (p. 102), and surrounded by wise masters and skilful teachers, the brilliant talents of Mary blossomed out into promise of the richest harvest. Queen of Scotland when yet a babe, Queen of France to be, and Queen of England by right of lawful descent, she early felt the duty of fitting herself for her high station, and on the death of her royal husband, in face of appalling difficulties and while so young, showed a prudence and wisdom fitting a sovereign.

From the day when Henry the Eighth, who never chose to be balked in his desires, had set his heart on the annexation of Scotland, till Mary laid down her head at Fotheringay, no means were left unused to accomplish that object, neither brute force, nor relentless raids, nor treachery in high places. And against all these Mary had to struggle. Elizabeth, whose character comes out in all its revolting criminality, was the prime mover of acts of hostility and treason such as made the crown of Scotland a crown of thorns to her hapless cousin. The very qualities of Mary, her beauty, her attractiveness, her talents,

¹ *Mary Stuart ; a Narrative of the first Eighteen Years of her Life, principally from original documents.* By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S.J. Edinburgh: William Patterson, 1886.

incited her rival to more desperate measures. Knox, the sharer in so many foul plots, the applier of the revolutionary principles of Calvin (p. 159), Moray the fratricidal Judas who betrayed with a kiss his affectionate sister and the independence of his fatherland (p. 224), the Queen of Navarre, the mother of Protestantism in France, and her worthy aid, the infamous Duchess d'Etampes (p. 157), are brought before us in their true colours. Cardinal Beton's greatest praise was that he was looked on by the enemies of Scotland and her ancestral faith as the prop of both her religion and her freedom, and so marked out for slaughter by England's royal butcher (p. 41).

Among the many plans by which Henry the Eighth hoped to secure the Crown and to destroy the faith of Scotland was, by judicious bribing, to purchase the consent of the venal Parliament of that land to a marriage between the feeble child of Jane Seymour, and the little Mary Stuart. Father Stevenson tell us (p. 42) who Henry thought to be a fitting person to superintend the education of his future daughter-in-law. From such a school it would have been wonderful if she had not come forth as practised in evil life, as was her cousin of England. It is painful to read that on two occasions Irish soldiers, "chosen out of the most wild and savage sort of them," took part in the inhuman raids into Scotland (pp. 55, note, and 80). What quarrel had they with Scotland, and why were they under a Protestant flag? A Celtic name appears among the host of traitors surrounding the hapless Queen, in the person of Charles O'Connor, who attached himself to her service while in the pay of Elizabeth and Cecil.

The whole work teems with interest. Each page shows proofs of perfect acquaintance with the best sources, and facts are marshalled with a grace and clearness that carries one along as in the pages of a brilliant romance. The story could not be better told, and the wealth of references is a guarantee of its patient accuracy. We hail the book as another step towards the rehabilitation of a much wronged woman, and as an additional proof of the true character of the Reformation in these isles. It is shown in these pages that if England yielded up her faith to the unrelenting fury of the tiger-King and his almost as blood-thirsty daughter, Scotland owed the loss of her faith to the conspiracy of double-dyed traitors and to the armed interposition of foreign troops. The long period of feeble government which followed the death of James the Fifth and

the murder of Cardinal Beton, and the constant action of the Reformed (?) Government of England, exerted without scruple, gave free scope to the Genevan tenets which catered to the tastes of the most lawless nobility in Europe, and finally issued in the almost total destruction of every vestige of the old faith in the northern kingdom.

We hope that Father Stevenson may long be spared to continue the invaluable task that he has in this volume commenced.

4—LIFE OF P. MUARD.¹

This biography, compiled, as the writer informs us, from unpublished documents and MSS. placed by the monks of Buckfast Abbey at his disposal, has for its subject one who was called by God to lead the twofold life of penance and preaching; to be a victim of expiation for the crimes of his unhappy country, as well as a missionary and an apostle to awaken her from the spiritual torpor and death into which she had fallen. Born in the troublous times subsequent to the French Revolution, when, owing to the scarcity of priests it was a matter of extreme difficulty, if not an impossibility, for the peasantry in the villages, supposing they remained Catholics at heart, to continue to practise their religion, Jean-Baptiste Muard, the child of honest and hard working parents, found no one to teach him the fear and love of God but an aged and pious grandmother, who carefully fostered the piety and love of prayer her little grandson early evinced. Later on, the boy's aptitude for learning and modest demeanour attracted the notice of a holy and judicious priest, who seeing him to be no ordinary child, instructed him in Latin, and awoke within him the desire dormant in the depths of his heart for the sacerdotal vocation, which soon developed into deliberate purpose and clear anticipation. The opposition of his parents having been gradually overcome by the boy's firmness and perseverance, as well as the unvarying sweetness of his behaviour to them, and pecuniary difficulties removed by the kindness of his patron, who discerned in him the promise of great sanctity, Jean-Baptiste, at the age of fourteen, entered

¹ *The Life of Jean-Baptiste Muard, Founder of the Congregation of St. Edme, and of the Monastery of La Pierre qui-vire.* Vol. IX. of the Library of Religious Biography, edited by Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. London and New York: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1886.

the Petit Séminaire, where he became a pattern to all his companions, and the delight of all his teachers. The universal testimony is that not a single fault or blemish could be found in him, while his charity, gentleness, evenness of temper and piety won for him the love of all. This holy youth felt from the first a strong attraction for a life of rigid asceticism and mortification; not content with joyfully accepting the trials and sufferings that came to him by the Providence of God, he added many severe austerities and set before himself a standard of high perfection; his greatest desire was to devote himself to the work of foreign missions, and to shed his blood for Jesus Christ. We are told the letters he wrote home effected the conversion of his mother, who, though a good woman, lived in disregard of her religious obligations, and at a later period the conversion of his father was also granted to his prayers. Possessed by the Divine passion for the conquest of souls, the longing to sacrifice himself for the glory of God, even before his admission to Holy Orders he conceived the project of diocesan missions. Even while the idea of engaging in foreign missions continued to be the ultimate goal of his ambition—a hope only to be abandoned several years later, and then not without a sharp pang—the sight of the religious and moral degradation of his fellow-countrymen, of the unbelief and corruption, of the hatred of all that was good pervading all classes of society, of the worse than heathen ignorance of the lower orders, awoke in him a strong desire to kindle again the torch of faith, and revive the knowledge of God in their midst. This was in truth his vocation: when appointed to the charge of a parish, how untiring was his diligence in teaching, preaching, visiting the sick; how admirable his self-sacrifice, his love of the poor, his tenderness to sinners! And knowing well that the lamp will not give light without oil, even when overdone with work he spent long hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, renewing his fervour, passionately entreating graces for sinners. He recognized the obligation of becoming himself a saint; not content with praying, preaching, performing acts of charity, he united himself to the atoning Sacrifice of the Son of God, weeping and mortifying himself anew, and increasing his austerities for the sake of those whose hearts he desired to touch. But the institution of diocesan missions was to extend the sphere of his influence exercised by this saintly priest to the whole diocese. In 1840, after a visit to Rome to obtain the blessing of the Holy Father, Father Muard in-

augurated the work, at first with the aid of only one associate, the Abbé Bravard, one of the cathedral clergy of Sens. Requests for missions flowed in from all sides, and in every parish the success surpassed all anticipations; the people approached the sacraments by thousands, some journeying many miles in order to make their peace with God. In perusing the account of some of these missions, to which special incidents gave peculiar interest, we cannot but be astonished at so great a harvest, when we recollect the difficulties of the times and the irreligious state of society. These triumphs were not won, however, without arduous labour and, what is more, severe trials; especially on the occasion of a mission at Vermenton. We are told that Father Muard never spoke of these persecutions.

He buried them all in profound and enduring silence; but not so the wonders of grace in which this remarkable mission was fruitful, and which he used to relate to the honour of the *Mater divinæ gratiæ*, into whose hands he committed all his undertakings. He particularly loved to recall the following circumstance, in order to inspire others with an unbounded confidence in Mary. Observing that sinners held back from confession during the early part of the retreat, he went one day before giving his instruction to pray at the altar of the Blessed Virgin; but scarcely had he knelt down, whom instead of praying to her, he began to address her with reproaches. He reminded her that she was their Mother, and that this parish which loved to honour her on the day of her triumphant entrance into Heaven, which was also the feast of its dedication, was under her special protection. She was bound to recommend its spiritual interests to her dear Son; and could it possibly be that she would not come to the help of souls who had been confided to her and yet for the most part were being lost? If this were so, what would be said of her power, and above all, what of her goodness? No sooner, however, had he said these words than he regretted having uttered them; his conscience was uneasy, and he felt a need of confession. But the hour for the evening instruction was at hand, so he went at once into the pulpit. He noticed that the church was fuller than usual, but what was his surprise, when after concluding his discourse, he repaired to his confessional, to find it surrounded by a crowd of men and women! "The Blessed Virgin," he said, "to punish me for the words I had spoken to her before I began the instruction, condemned me to spend three nights and two days in the confessional reconciling the poor sinners whose hearts she had touched" (p. 166).

But the heart of the zealous missionary was not satisfied, even when he thus saw the fruit of his toils and of the travail of his soul; nor was he satisfied when a house had been erected at

Pontigny to form the head-quarters of the new Society, and he found himself at the head of a Congregation of Priests who abandoned parochial work to devote themselves to missions, for he felt that a greater and more difficult work was reserved for him, the founding of a new monastic community, in which a life of the strictest asceticism, poverty, and penance should be united to the Apostolate of preaching. A distinct interior vision of this new Society as needed to combat the evils of the age was shown to him :

Suddenly, he says, the idea or rather the distinct plan presented itself to my mind of a religious society which, devoting itself to the practice and preaching of penance, should for that end embrace a humble, poor, and mortified kind of life, the members of which should be employed according to their respective capacities, some in prayer and study, others in manual labour, all however applying themselves to the observance of the same rule for the sanctification and edification of their neighbour (p. 192).

Space forbids us to trace the steps whereby he worked out this design, and gradually overcame the apparently insuperable obstacles which at first presented themselves ; nor can we do more than mention the delightful account which is given of the pilgrimage made in 1848 by this holy man with two companions to Italy, the home of religious orders, to discover the Rule most suitable for the future community ; of his four months' seclusion in the Grotto of Subiaco, when he made choice of the Rule of St. Benedict, and where he received wonderful graces and consolatory promises from our Lord ; and of the Novitiate he passed at the Trappist Monastery of Aiguebelle, to perfect his training in the religious life, when a suitable site for the future house had been secured. It was in this Monastery of *La Pierre-qui-vire*,² that the Comte de Montalbert visited Father Muard, attracted by his reputation for sanctity, and was led to utter the high eulogium with which the introduction to this Memoir opens : " I have seen in the course of my life many priests and religious in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, in short throughout Europe, but I do not believe that I ever met any who awakened in my soul in so vivid a manner the idea of a Saint." This

² A huge dolmen or rocking-stone gave its name to the spot, which was a clearing in the forest ; upon this stone whereon the druids formerly immolated victims to their false deities, a more than life-sized statue of our Lady was subsequently erected.

was no superficial judgment, for the Count's chateau being distant but a few hours' journey, he frequently visited the monastery both alone and with friends. Knowing the extreme poverty of the infant community, he offered to employ his influence to obtain speedy and secure assistance from the State; but no offer could tempt Father Muard from his allegiance to holy poverty. "M. le Comte," he replied, "be pleased to accord us your moral protection; but permit us to remain the children of Providence." Providence did indeed never fail them: otherwise we should be at a loss to know whence came the where-withal to supply their simple needs, especially during the journey to Italy.

At length, in October, 1850, the little band of monks made their vows as Benedictines of the strict primitive observance, with a special dedication to the Sacred Heart, and were installed in their new monastery. Father Muard had attained the goal of his desires, the secret of his success being that he had ever been a docile instrument in God's hands. The demands for missions were more than he was able to satisfy, his presence being greatly needed at the monastery; trials and persecutions from the enemy of souls were not wanting, but everywhere marvels of converting grace rewarded his zeal, the knowledge of his mortified life adding much to the weight of his words. Four years later, at the age of forty-five, he succumbed to a violent and prolonged attack of fever; mental labour and physical fatigue, especially the want of sleep, having exhausted his originally sound and healthy constitution. He died whilst striving to articulate the prayers of the Rosary, the last tribute of devoted love he was to offer to Mary.

The most striking feature in the character of this servant of God is his wonderful self-control and evenness of temper. Seldom do we meet with one who from his childhood so perfectly carried out our Lord's command: *Discite a me, quia mitis sum et humilis corde*. Never amid difficulties, troubles, annoyances, did his equanimity forsake him; never under the most irritating circumstances was a harsh or impatient word known to escape his lips. Thrice only in his life did he, under the influence of strong emotion, depart from his usual gentle and lowly demeanour, and utter words of bold reproof, moved by just and holy anger, to his own subsequent astonishment. No wonder then that he chose as his own the Benedictine motto, *Pax*.

Mr. Healy Thompson is already too well known as a writer of religious biography for his works to need any fresh words of commendation on our part. Suffice to say that this, the ninth volume of the series, is a most welcome addition to its predecessors. The life of Father Muard is, as the writer observes, its own panegyric; it will be read with profound interest, for it is no slight sketch, but a detailed portraiture, equally edifying and astonishing, of one who, having instructed many to justice, shines with the brightness of the firmament.

5.—GYCIA: A TRAGEDY.¹

To take up *Gycia* is not to lay it aside again until you have read it through to the last page. And then you may take it up again and peruse it more leisurely and see what it was gave you so much pleasure in the first reading. The work before us possesses all the requisites for a good play: an excellent plot, well defined characters, and a flowing and sustained dialogue. The author tells us in the Preface that he composed *Gycia* with a view to stage representation, and that we are therefore to judge it rather as an acting play than a dramatic poem. If this has somewhat restricted the author's range of poetic flight, his work is still poetical in the highest degree.

The scene of the tragedy lies partly in the ancient Kingdom of Bosphorus; partly in the not far distant Grecian Republic of Cherson. The peoples of both Kingdom and Republic have determined, in face of the threatening danger of invasion "now by the Empire, now by the Scythian," to sink the enmity that has long existed between them, and by union to strengthen themselves against the common foe. A marriage is therefore proposed between Asander, Prince of Bosphorus, and Gycia, daughter of Lamachus, Archon of the Republic of Cherson. Certain conditions are placed by the Republic, and are accepted by Asander on the advice of Lysimachus, the crafty Minister of the King. Two years after the marriage of Asander and Gycia, the minister reasons these conditions away, and involves Asander in a plot to subjugate Cherson to the Kingdom of Bosphorus, of which Asander has become King by the death

¹ *Gycia*, a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Lewis Morris M.A., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, Knight of the Redeemer of Greece, &c. &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1886.

of his father. The discovery of the plot and its denouncement to the Senate by Gycia herself, bring about the final catastrophe.

Beside the attractive way in which the story is worked out, and the exquisite picture offered to us in the noble and exalted character of the heroine, we think, perhaps, the fascination of this work lies in the clearness and transparency of its diction. If the most perfect art is that which attains its lofty ends by means at once the simplest and the fewest, we must pronounce Mr. Morris a master of that art. The blank verse is so simple in composition, yet so constraining in its charm, that when you have meant to read only a few lines, you find yourself reading on page after page. And the sentiment embodied in the piece is as chaste and beautiful as the style: the love is pure and exalted, but not cold; the passion is highly wrought, but never permitted to run to excess. The fatality that so inevitably leads up to the catastrophe is no longer the blind, inexorable goddess of the ancients; but the individual character that works out its own destiny, as truly and surely as the law governing physical force bears to a definite result. The fates that weave the web of doom are the indecision and infirm grasp of principle of an otherwise noble and upright nature; the filial piety that places love of fatherland above even the hallowed love of husband and hearth; the resentful pangs of jealousy and disappointed love; and the covetous ambition and unscrupulousness of crafty statesmen. And when these are marshalled at the bidding of a master so skilled as Mr. Morris, it is easy to conjecture what will be the result.

Nothing could better evidence how far the author is removed above the ordinary run of writers, than the refinement of those passages which describe the "love at first sight" of Gycia and Asander. Neither had ever loved before, and when they met, Asander says,

I was wrapt up in spleen and haughty pride,
When, looking up, a great contentment took me,
Shed from thy gracious eyes. Nought else I saw
Than thy dear self.

And later on, after two years of happy married life—and they are lovers still—Gycia recalling her own feelings on that joyful day, questions her husband:

Dost thou remember it, how I came forth,
Looking incuriously to see the stranger,
And lo! I spied my love, and could not murmur
A word of courtesy?

Gycia is a character at once amiable and gentle, and strong and exalted ; loveable because loving intensely and purely,

Nay, my good lord,
Scythian or Greek, to me thou art more dear
Than all the world beside.

And indescribably noble in the unhesitating sacrifice of her individual good to the general good of the State which she reveres and honours :

Had I gone,
Breaking the solemn ordinance of State,
I should have left with thee my former love,
And sailed back broken hearted.

We are inclined to look upon the character of Asander as somewhat in the light of a foil to that of Gycia. He is full of filial piety, indeed, and he is brave and manly,

There is no cloud of care I yet have known—
And I am now a man, and have my cares—
Which the fresh breath of morn, the hungry chase,
The echoing horn, the jocund choir of tongues,
Or joy of some bold enterprise of war,
When the swift squadrons smite the echoing plains,
Scattering the stubborn spearman, may not break,
As does the sun the mists.

But he is so weak in purpose that his evil genius Lysimachus can twist and bend him at will, and so entangle him in the treasonous plot that costs him his life :

I do not hold with you
That a man's oath can bind him to his God
To do what else were wrong. Yet, since you swear
Your purpose is not bloodshed, and my will
Is impotent to stay your choice, and chiefly
Because I am cast down and sick at heart,
And without any trust in God or man,
I do consent to your conspiracy,
Loving it not.

We are sorry our space does not permit us to speak more at length of this beautiful tragedy, of its picturesque scenes and striking situations. We sincerely trust that *Gycia* is by no means the last work of its kind that Mr. Morris will contribute to the dramatic poetry of our era. Whether *Gycia* succeed on the stage or not (and we wish it success), it will ever be read with pleasure by those who can appreciate what there is of refined and beautiful, noble and true in literature, or art, or higher things still.

6.—THE LIFE OF WORDS AS THE SYMBOL OF IDEAS.¹

This little book contains the substance of four lectures delivered by the author in London in the latter part of 1885. They were given in French, and consequently the examples by which they are illustrated are mostly taken from that language. The English reader, however, will find in the present translation an exceedingly interesting treatment of an interesting subject. Still it is a wide one, and so much has been compressed into a small space, that the impression conveyed is that we are dealing with a lecturer's notes, rather than with the more expanded form with which the general hearer or reader expects to be presented. M. Darmesteter's hearers, we gather, were few and select, and he could afford to be terse and to condense. This is possibly the reason why the author is at no pains to define some of the terms employed; still, if this had been done more consistently, and if clearness of arrangement had been more effectually secured, the book would have been far pleasanter reading. As it is, the effort required to follow the author's plan diverts the attention somewhat from the suggestive statements and instructive facts, of which every page, we may say, is full.

The introduction enunciates, only to dismiss, many general problems which present themselves to the student of language; that of the causes and conditions which regulate the changes in the meaning of words is the last mentioned and forms the main subject of the subsequent pages. A word, we are told, is the symbol of an idea; when it acquires a new meaning it becomes the symbol of an additional idea; it is, in fact, a new word, a word is born. When it loses one of its meanings, it ceases to be the symbol of a certain idea, and a word, so to say, has died. Naturally then, the greater part of this little book is devoted to an inquiry into the reasons and conditions of the changes which take place in the meaning of words. Some of these changes are independent of the action of other words, with which they are combined in the formation of a sentence, others on the contrary are dependent on such reciprocal contact. The former are discussed in the first part of the book, the latter in the second, and a third discusses the question, how words die,

¹ *The Life of Words as the Symbol of Ideas.* By Arsène Darmesteter. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1886.

or, which is the same thing from our author's standpoint, how they lose their meaning.

Much stress is laid on the influence of Catachresis or Forgetting in the transformations of meaning through which words pass. It is spoken of as one of the living forces of language, and compared to the separation of the bud from the parent stem. It is only when the primitive meaning of a word is entirely forgotten that it becomes completely identified with, and the exact representation of some new object to which it has been applied. The more complex changes of meaning are excellently explained by our author under the headings of Radiation and Concatenation. Space will not allow of our describing these processes; it is sufficient to say that we find them illustrated more graphically here than in any other book we have met with.

M. Darmesteter's philosophy is less to our taste than his philology, and his readers will do well to remember that if his authority is of some weight in the latter department, it is of no value whatever in the former. Candidly we are disposed to believe that he is not alive to the logical consequences of the various philosophical statements scattered up and down his book. Starting on the first page with the statement that languages are living organisms, a statement which doubtless may be made in a true sense, he concludes on page 160 with the ingenuous inquiry whether to maintain that "mind and matter are only two aspects of the same unknowable force, the force which we call Being" is or is not to exceed the true limits of inductive science. We think it is. Moreover, we think that life is not subject to precisely the same laws "under whatever form it presents itself." To think otherwise would be to put away the very notion of moral responsibility, not to say the fundamental ideas of religion and morality.

7.—RECORDS OF ARDAGH AND CLONMACNOISE.¹

The work before us has for its subject a most fascinating field of study. Two sees so venerable as those of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, are sure to give forth matter of the deepest interest to the historian, to the archæologist, and especially to

¹ *Records relating to the Dioceses of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.* By the Very Rev. John Canon Monahan, D.D.V.F. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

the Catholic. There is, in fact, no church nor chapel, much less a cathedral or a diocese, however small, which lays claim to any antiquity, whose history is not very much worth the telling. Unfortunately, few churches indeed are there in England which have not for three hundred years been torn from their Catholic use. Much, very much, has been done in the way of monographs and general histories by Catholic and Protestant alike in illustrating the various remains of the ancient faith, which are to be found in every corner of our island. Much less has been done for Ireland, for reasons that are obvious. But a better time is coming, and spite of the absorbing interest of very passionate politics, spite of the overpressure, in the case of the clergy, of work for souls, the history and archæology of Catholic Ireland is becoming every day better known.

Canon Monahan gratefully acknowledges the kindness of many helpers in his work of love, and the long subscription list at the end of his volume shows how such efforts have been appreciated. We consequently may hope that he has underrated the interest which is taken in such subjects. We hope, too, that he may be tempted by his success to throw the results of his research into a shorter and more popular form.

The learned Canon has had exceptional opportunities of learning the traditions of his diocese from the people among whom he has lived. Ardagh claims to have been founded by the great Apostle, St. Patrick himself (p. 1), and to have had for its first bishop his nephew, St. Mel. His crozier, a fine specimen of Irish work, is still preserved as a venerated relic. Ardagh claims also to have been the scene of St. Brigit's religious profession. The boundaries of the present joint dioceses of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise contain a third and ancient see, that of Feara-Midhe. A long list of St. Mel's successors is brought down with some serious gaps to the present time. St. Erard (?) of Ratisbon figures among the Bishops of Ardagh. A warlike Prince-Bishop and Cistercian Abbot of Granard, who, like one of the Bishops of Séez, reduced his own cathedral to ruins in a fight for the chieftainship of his clan, left the diocese in a most unsatisfactory state during the evil days of Henry the Eighth. As a sort of reparation, his noble house of O'Farrell gave three martyrs for the faith in the wars of religion, two being Dominicans, and one a Franciscan. The pedigree of the O'Ferrall (?) Sept up to Milesius of Spain, is recorded seriously by our author. And here we must express

our regret that in a work of such value and interest, the corrections of the press have been done so carelessly, even just where accuracy is most needed, in the documents which form so important and valuable a portion of the volume.

Naturally the most interesting portion of the volume is that which relates to Clonmacnoise. The lecture of the Canon in the Appendix gives an eloquent summary of its history. It is some consolation to Englishmen to think that, if English hands gave the last blow to this celebrated seat of holiness and learning, it had been forty-eight times previously the victim of war and pillage (p. 81). In fact, we come across several "memorable" battles long before Strongbow set foot in Ireland. Its founder, St. Kieran, was the companion of St. Columba. St. Colgan, who was the friend and correspondent of Alcuin, lectured in its school, which was famed throughout Europe, and to which we owe the *Annals of Tigernach*, the *Chronicon Scotorum*, the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, and the *Leabhar na Uidhre*. The admirable map will be of special value to travellers who visit this holy spot.

The selection of records for publication is no easy task, and where a compiler is deeply interested in everything which has any reference to the subject he has in hand, he may easily be led to publish what perhaps is of little interest to the general public, and of little practical bearing on the matter which he is treating. Whether the pastorals of Dr. Kilduff, or the minutes of Dr. Higgins' evidence before the Commissioners of Education, or the essay of Dr. Conroy on Positivism, were necessary to his work, perhaps our author is the best judge.

But, setting these aside, we find the volume full of interesting matter. Side lights of the sufferings of the episcopacy and people for their faith, of Archbishop O'Reilly's imprisonment, for example, at Exeter (p. 32), of the sufferings of the Farrells already alluded to (cf. p. 35), the question of stone built churches of early date in Ireland (p. 55), of English students in her monasteries (p. 83), points of resemblance in the love of ardent spirits and merry making at funerals (p. 15), offering pastoral dues, &c., with difficulties so often encountered now-a-days, points of contrast in the then relations to the Crown of England (pp. 30, 98, 108), are only a specimen of what meets the reader in every portion of the book. We might especially note the letters of Peter Talbot (p. 113), of the Irish Bishops to the Pope (p. 117), and on the question of godless education (pp. 164, seq.) as being of

deep interest. What, in conclusion, would Irish graziers say if a "beeve" could be sold at an average price of £7 in 1887, as it was in 1622, at a time, too, when money was of so much greater value? (p. 126).

8.—FOR THE OLD LAND.¹

The author of this unpretending tale will probably be remembered by many of our readers for the part he took in the Fenian movement of 1866-67, for his consignment to the horrors of penal servitude, whence he was released by a tardy amnesty. He traces an unlaboured, and to outward seeming, artless picture of rural life in the South of the Ireland of some twenty years since. As in his earlier, so in his posthumous work, he has fully succeeded in keeping himself out of sight, the reader forgets him as he mixes with the several *dramatis personæ*, enters into their simple pleasures, their anxieties and sorrows, takes stock of their homely virtues, their steady industry, their harmless eccentricities and mannerisms. Caricature and sensational writing are alike eschewed by the author, we feel ourselves throughout in contact with men and women of "like passions with ourselves;" the conventional Irishman of the trans-pontine drama is conspicuous for his absence. The date assigned in the title may cause us to advert to the rapid march of events. Within these two decades most of the machinery of the plot has been relegated to the domain of ancient history. The Irish peasant trembles no longer at the frown of one who, for a mere whim, could oust him from his home and holding, and turn him adrift to begin the world anew for voting in opposition to his landlord's behest. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, a movement amounting to a social revolution, has all but reversed the respective relations of the two parties. Recent organic changes, too, in the distribution of political power have freed the elector from all undue pressure in any quarter, and left him at liberty to follow the dictates of his conscience, his ignorance or his folly as the case may be. The main interest of the tale centres in the fortune of the Dwyer family, who vacate their farm and seek a new home across the Atlantic in consequence of a vote registered against the landlord's candidate. The landlord met with a tragic end, the accidental result of a scuffle occasioned

¹ *For the Old Land. A Tale of Twenty Years ago.* By the late Charles J. Kickham. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1886.

by his extending to other people's belongings the exercise of his right to do what he liked with his own. The hero of the story is tried for the supposed murder, and is triumphantly acquitted. He accompanies his family to America, wins rank and glory at the cannon's mouth. The exiles are recalled, reinstated, and finally purchase the freehold of their farm through the disinterested affection of a foster brother. As may be expected, the story winds up with marrying and giving in marriage, which, as unquestionable authority enables us to assert, will continue not only in romance, but in real life, till the crack of doom. The tale is not likely to take the world by storm, but it is interesting, and will be read to the end by any one who takes it up.

9.—FABIOLA.¹

Messrs. Benziger have published an Edition *de Luxe* of *Fabiola*, with a Preface by Dr. Brennan, the well-known pastor of St. Rose of Lima's Church, New York. The frontispiece is a beautiful coloured picture of St. Agnes, with palm in hand, and nursing the little lamb which is associated with her. The volume is illustrated by over thirty full-page illustrations, some from original drawings, others from well-known pictures or representing scenes in ancient or modern Rome. There are also a number of illustrations in the text, all throwing light upon the story and adding greatly to its interest. Among the best of the full-page engravings is the picture of the dead body of St. Cecilia, in which the fair young martyr, child rather than woman, with the side light falling on her calm and peaceful features, is full of dignity and sweet tranquillity. The representation of the various sacraments of the Church in ancient times, from the original drawings of Mr. Yan Dargent, bring home to us with a life-like reality the essential identity, and at the same time the accidental difference of ancient and modern ritual. The story itself there is no need to recommend to our readers, no one, old or young, can read it, without being intensely interested in it. But the interest is greatly heightened and the realization of the various scenes described is rendered far more easy by such a volume as the present. As Father Brennan tells us in the Preface: "Its many beautiful engravings will

¹ *Fabiola*. By Cardinal Wiseman. Illustrated Edition, with a Preface by the Rev. R. Brennan, LL.D. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros., 1886.

bring more vividly before the reader the scenes of cruel persecution already graphically described, and with its bright examples of constancy and self-sacrifice serve to stimulate and fortify Catholics of the present and future generations in their contest with worldliness, materialism, and, we may say, unmitigated paganism."

We hope that Messrs. Benziger's enterprise in providing such a work as this may meet with great success, and lead them to bring out many similar books for the profit and edification of Catholic readers.

10.—LORD FLOYSHAM.¹

The plot of this book is slight and its interest is found rather in the sentiments and ideas it expresses than in the situations and events it records. The manner in which many of the prominent questions of the day are discussed is very much after the style of some recent novels by well-known authors, except that we have here no travesty of distinguished personages, and the irony, if less keen, is a great deal more good-natured. The hero himself is decidedly the least interesting person in the whole of the two volumes, though he is introduced to our notice at the outset in a manner which causes us to expect that he will be a leading character throughout. We will give the description in the writer's own words.

Lord Floysham was in the enjoyment of every advantage that this world could give; with the exception that, being rich, he could afford to be idle; that, being idle, he felt the want of interest in any fixed object in life, and often found himself driven to take part in the amusements of the day, which are so very difficult to enjoy. Lord Floysham had another very serious drawback. He was handsome, graceful, tall, and muscular; he had a natural charm of manner and a countenance in which the intellectual and sympathetic characteristics predominated. These qualities alone could not fail to ensure success in the *beau monde*, and he thereby lost the pleasurable excitement created by the struggle to succeed (vol. i. p. 2).

He has a long-standing attachment to a Madame Galvarez, whose acquaintance he had made before his marriage during the course of his travels in South America, and whose husband is connected with the tiny Republic of Guirana. The story of

¹ *Lord Floysham*. A novel. By F. G. Walpole. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 1886.

the money difficulties of this Republic and of the expedients resorted to in order to raise a loan of two millions, is admirably told, though our space forbids us from quoting it *in extenso*. Mr. Walpole is fortunate in possessing the art of stating opposing views in a forcible and pointed manner, whilst preserving his own impartiality; and he thus imparts an air of reality to the conversations which abound in his pages and form the most attractive portion of them. He can, moreover, be both grave and gay, instructive and amusing, and his happy versatility prevents him from growing wearisome. The following paragraph, relating to the Catholic Church, is worthy of being quoted here.

"The Church, you think, as I understand you, has two enemies," said Floysham; "infidel philosophy and Protestantism. I am inclined to agree with you. Your view would appear to be that the Church would have little to fear from the philosophers unaided; but that egotism, which is the basis upon which Protestantism rests, will tempt men to throw off the shackles of the Church, and that when once this is effected they must enter upon a speculative existence, which, if they cannot shake off, it will in all probability terminate in scepticism, and if they can, will drive them to Rome. Indeed, to sum up the existing situation, there would appear to be for all reasoning men only two courses open—Catholicism or scepticism' (vol. ii. p. 39).

We do not know whether this is Mr. Walpole's first appearance as a novelist; at any rate he may be congratulated on having produced a work which is not only thoroughly readable, but thoughtful without being dull, and humorous without verging on frivolity.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

*The Prig's Bede*¹ is a humorous satire on the school of Anglicans who are fond of claiming the ancient British Church as one and the same with their own sectarian body. The Prig is supposed to edit the works of the Venerable Bede, and to find in him evidence that the Church of England is no child of the comparatively modern Church introduced by St. Augustine, but

¹ *The Venerable Bede. Expurgated, Expounded, and Exposed.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1886.

is of far greater antiquity than the sister Church of Rome. The various absurdities which such a thesis entails are brought out with considerable skill, and the anomalous and contradictory position of Anglicanism illustrated by the Prig's explanations of passages in Bede which make for Romanism. The following is a good specimen of our writer's clever hits. After pronouncing against the legality of asking the intercession of any Saint in England or in British waters, he continues :

This gave rise to the interesting question, at what spot in the English channel the *ora pro nobis* became allowable. I decided that although some theologians consider that the right to make use of Roman Catholic devotions begins exactly at mid-channel, it is more probable that it does not begin until Roman Catholic waters are reached. Moreover, I am personally inclined to think that as the sea between English and French waters is neither Anglican nor Roman, it is safer not to pray at all when in these neutral waters, since all danger of schism may thus be avoided. This, however, I do not advance as a matter of faith, but merely as a pious opinion (pp. 61, 62).

We fear that our Anglican friends are impervious to satire, else we might have hoped that this clever book would show them how ridiculous they are.

We have received from Messrs. Longmans a neat little volume² containing an essay on the duties men and women of the upper classes owe to society, duties in the present day too often unwittingly overlooked or wilfully neglected. The opinions expressed by the author are characterized by sound sense and Christian principle, her object being to lead the "gentle" reader to realize the responsibility his birth and position lay upon him, and to recognize the necessity of solid practical education and careful religious training for the rising generation ; and above all to inculcate upon mothers of families the vast importance of the duties they have to fulfil towards all members of the household over which they preside.

Who is there who does not suffer and who is there who does not need consolation ? When, therefore, we recommend the Abbé Guigou's beautiful little book³ to those who suffer, we are recommending it to all the world. We can promise that all will find in it solid consolation, whatever the source of their suffering may be. The topics of comfort it suggests are no less true than ingenious,

² *Gentle Men and Women. An Essay.* By Vera Peregrine. London : Longmans, Green, and Co., 1886

³ *Consolation to those in Suffering.* By L'Abbé Guigou. Translated from the French. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1887.

and are calculated to teach even the ordinary Christian the difficult lesson which only the saints really learn and understand—that suffering is a piece of good fortune, and a gift from the hand of God that we should gratefully prize and welcome.

Thoughts for each day of the year from the writings of the saints seem to prove a very popular means of fostering devotion. The last such collection which has reached us is taken from St. Alphonsus.⁴ The thoughts are very beautiful; we only wish we could find room for a few of them. We can only hope that our readers will study them for themselves.

Messrs. Gill and Son have published a pocket edition of the *Devout Life* of St. Francis of Sales,⁵ which will be most useful in spreading widely that most beautiful aid to spiritual perfection. It was addressed originally to a lady living in the world, and for such it is primarily intended. But all, men or women, in the world or in religion cannot fail to draw from it spiritual profit. Let any of our readers take the chapter on "Self-abjection," and if they have not read it before, they will find it a treasure, and perhaps a revelation also. We advise all who wish for some good spiritual reading to get this little volume forthwith.

We have read Mrs. Pfeiffer's *Sonnets*⁶ with unfeigned pleasure. We do not hesitate to say that they are among the best of their kind. They are the beautiful and noble expression of noble and beautiful thought; and not only noble and beautiful thought, but vigorous and original thought as well. There is so much in the volume that has pleased us, we are at a loss to say where our predilection lies. "The Palmer Love," "To the Friends of Love, I. II.," "The Coming Day," contain very beautiful thoughts. There are some very striking ideas in the three sonnets on "Cain and Abel," as also in "A Chrysalis." The pieces entitled "Gordon," and "The Soudan," will appeal, as they have no doubt appealed, to many hearts. We have read many of the sonnets many times over. Our only regret is that we have not come across them sooner, and that, coming across them, our space does not permit us to give a more detailed notice of them. Mrs. Pfeiffer's own line might be written on the title-page as a motto,

⁴ *A Thought from St. Alphonsus Liguori for each day of the year.* Translated from the French by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Brothers.

⁵ *The Devout Life.* By St. Francis of Sales. New Edition. London: M. H. Gill and Son.

⁶ *Sonnets.* By Emily Pfeiffer, Author of *Gerard's Monument*, *Under the Aspen*, &c. London: Field and Tuer, The Leadenhall Press; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Song justifies itself if sweet and strong.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's sonnets will take their rank among the best the English language has of late produced.

Mr. Max O'Rell, who is already well known for his clever caricatures of English life, has just published a book in which his profession of teacher of French in one of our large schools stood him in good stead. In *Drat the Boys!*⁷ he hits off most skilfully and with a great knowledge of boy nature the peculiarities of Master John Bull. The following will appeal to every English schoolmaster:

If you ever hope to find the British schoolboy at fault, your life will be a series of disappointments. Judge for yourself.

I (*once*): "Well, Brown, you bring no exercise this morning. How is that?"

PROMISING BRITON: "Please, sir, you said yesterday that we were to do the 17th exercise."

I (*inquiringly*): "Well?"

P. B.: "Please, sir, Jones said to me, last night, that it was the 18th exercise we were to do."

I (*surprised*): "But, my dear boy, you do not bring me any exercise at all."

P. B. (*looking good*): "Please, sir, I was afraid to do the wrong one" (pp. 50, 51.)

Besides countless good stories, *Drat the Boys!* contains a number of answers to examination questions, and of translations, some of which are very humorous. What more delicious than the reason given for the gender of *silence*?

"*Silence* is the only French noun, ending in *ence*, that is masculine, because it is the only thing women cannot keep" (p. 88.)

The translation of *Il raccommodait les vieux souliers* by "He recommended the old soldiers," is not bad, and that of *Elle partit dans la matinée du lendemain*—"She took part in the morning performance of legerdemain" (p. 82) is still better. The book is an amusing one for boys and for all who take an interest in them; especially for the much-to-be-compasionated race of schoolmasters.

*Plays for Young People*⁸ contains two children's plays of unequal merit. The first, *The Foster Brother*, is light and amusing

⁷ *Drat the Boys!* or Recollections of an ex-Frenchmaster in England. By the author of *John Bull and his Island*. London: Field and Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, E.C.

⁸ *Plays for Young People: The Foster Brother and The Creoles*. By the Dowager Countess of Harrington. London: Field and Tuer, The Leadenhall Press.

and well suited for acting by young girls. The dialogue is simple, spirited, natural without being childish, while the characters have a sufficiently well marked individuality to be pleasing to young actors. The plot turns on the domestic adventures of a peasant girl who is ill-treated by a cruel old step-dame: her fortunate meeting with some rich ladies due to a taking little incident of the loss of her pet dog: her liberation by them from the tyranny of her step-mother, and her happy marriage. The scene, which is laid in the Tyrol, gives an opportunity for very pretty effect. *The Creoles* is a play more amusing to read than suitable for acting. It reads like a few chapters out of "English as she is spoke." The language, as the authoress tells us, is a sort of *patois* between French and English, and all the characters, old and young, talk like children learning to speak. The dialogue is in this way suited to young children, but they will find it difficult to learn and will probably not appreciate it. If the *patois* had been confined to one or two characters like that of the Frenchman in *Monsieur Tonson*, the play, though less correct, would have been more practicable.

*John Truepenny*⁹ is a capital story, admirably adapted for the class to which it is addressed. No one can fail to be interested in the narrative, and thus the plain truths concerning the Catholic Faith which are skilfully interwoven with it, will be brought under the notice of many who would not read a controversial pamphlet. It is to be hoped that the cheap form in which it is published will ensure for Mr. Lord's clever little story as wide a circulation as its merits undoubtedly deserve.

The *Little Compliments of the Season*¹⁰ is a charming book of rhymes for tiny children, got up in Messrs. Benziger's best manner. The verses are admirably chosen, and the original ones by Miss Donnelly herself are about the best of all. We could not wish for a prettier present for a child.

*The Bairns' Annual*¹¹ is a delightful gift-book for tiny children, containing stories and poems which they will listen to with open-mouthed delight. The stories are told with that life-like picturesque simplicity which children love, and are illustrated with little side etchings which greatly add to the attractiveness of the book.

⁹ *The History of John Truepenny.* By F. B. Lord.

¹⁰ *Little Compliments of the Season.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

¹¹ *The Bairns' Annual.* London: Field and Tuer.

Among Catholic almanacks Messrs. Benziger are issuing a quite magnificent quarto almanack,¹² frontispiced by a beautiful coloured likeness of Archbishop Gibbons, and containing a mass of varied and interesting stories, poems, and biographies. The Catholic Publication Society of New York, in their neat and pretty *Catholic Family Annual*,¹³ give a series of interesting lives and portraits of celebrated men lately dead, or who have distinguished themselves in the past. At home the *Penny Catholic Almanack* contains a great deal of useful ecclesiastical and other information. The League of the Cross, besides its little almanack, has published its magazine for the year 1886 in a handsome volume.¹⁴ We rejoice to see this sign of its success in the good work it undertakes to promote.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the last issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Father Meyer closes his careful and lengthy exposition of the Papal Encyclical, which he asserts to be of the highest practical importance, not merely as a manifesto establishing the claims of the Christian Church to a position of independence and sovereignty—claims utterly irreconcilable with the idea of the modern State, the worship of humanity—but also as a standard round which Catholics of every region must rally, to combat modern paganism and preserve society from destruction. In another article the mediation of the Holy See in the sixteenth century between Russia and Poland, is shown to have been highly beneficial to the latter country, resulting as it did in an adjustment of differences and the conclusion of peace, as well as the advancement of the interests of religion, through the wise and prudent action of the Papal envoy, Father Possevin, S.J. Attention having recently been called in Germany to the great increase of late years of danger from lightning, Father Rûf contributes an article on the subject, giving statistics which prove that the percentage of buildings alone struck by lightning in different parts of the Empire has increased threefold during the last forty years. The statistics refer only to insured buildings, and of those only such as are sufficiently injured to claim compensation, the number of accidents to objects in general being difficult to ascertain accurately. Inquiry into

¹² *Catholic Home Almanack*. New York : Benziger Brothers.

¹³ *The Catholic Family Annual*. New York : The Catholic Publication Society Company.

¹⁴ *League of the Cross Magazine*. Edited by James Britten. Jan. to Dec. 1886.

the cause of this increase is reserved for a future article. Father Pesch, after demonstrating that no real analogy of any kind exists between the life and legendary miracles of Buddha and those recorded of our Saviour, remarks on the credulity of unbelievers, who will believe anything for the sake of disbelieving Christianity. Father Genelli concludes his account of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, wherein he has been at great pains to enable the reader to take a just and an historically correct view of that measure—one exclusively of State policy, whose object was to effect the politico-religious unity of France, and though not prohibited, certainly not sanctioned by the Church.

The outcome of Dr. Rückert's scrutiny of the Epistle of St. James, concluded in the *Katholik* for November, is to establish its Apostolicity beyond a doubt, since the doctrines contained therein, on being collated with the teaching of the other books of the New Testament, are found to harmonize with it on each and every point. The continuation of the articles on the duties of confessors in regard to backsliders, gives the Jansenist rules on this subject, as well as the dicta of St. Alphonsus. The former are dangerous and opposed to the teaching of the Church; but the writer asserts that although only in exceptional cases is absolution to be denied, harm is often done to souls through undue laxity in granting absolution to the penitent who evinces no extraordinary contrition—the signs of which are enumerated—for repeated transgressions. A second article on the works of Marie d'Agreda sets forth the intrinsic probability in their favour. So careful, it is said, was the examination they underwent at the hands of the Franciscan Commissioners, in addition to the Spanish Inquisition, that not a single sentence escaped scrutiny. The writer is declared to have possessed the gift of infused science, her doctrine almost invariably coinciding with that of St. Thomas, and her personal sanctity is beyond dispute. Nor must the marvels she relates in regard to the Blessed Virgin appear exaggerated, since the graces conferred upon the Holy Mother of God are beyond human conception. The *Katholik* takes occasion, on the appearance of a second edition of Father Baumgartner's *Life of Goethe*, again to speak in the most eulogistic terms of this "masterpiece," which for its historic accuracy and the classic beauty of its style, deserves to rank high in German literature. Several long passages are given wherein the author, himself a man of great cultivation and no

mean poetic talent, speaks of the character and genius of the brilliant German poet, seen apart from the halo cast around him by the extravagancies of modern Goethe-worshippers, and of the influence, literary, moral, and religious which he exercised on his age.

The Holy Father having intimated his desire that the faithful should unite and combine their efforts to combat the widespread power of Freemasonry, a manual of an anti-Masonic league has recently been published in France, and cordially approved by the Supreme Pontiff, wherein are exposed the true principles and aim of Freemasonry, and the necessity of united and determined action on the part of all good men—defensive where the fatal influences of this pernicious sect are not yet felt, and offensive where they are already at work—to oppose its progress. The *Civiltà Cattolica* (874, 875, 876), calls the attention of the reader to this manual as being specially needed in Italy, and explains the duties and obligations of all who enrol themselves in the league. The Philosophy of St. Thomas, now, owing to the action of the Head of Christendom regaining its ascendancy over all other systems, forms the subject of another article, which clearly shows how the Aristotelian philosophy, pagan and human in its origin, when perfected and christianized by St. Thomas, and wedded to faith, gave rise to scholastic theology. The reasons why the Thomistic philosophy has been comparatively abandoned in later times are also indicated. We have also to mention an interesting chapter on demonology and the diabolical possession of individuals, which forms part of the series on Hypnotism. This treatise when concluded will be published separately. The *Civiltà* makes its customary annual appeal on behalf of the impoverished nuns of Italy, who have this year been subjected to fresh vexations and persecutions on the part of the Government; it also discusses some questions of linguistic science, of more use to the student of philology than to the general reader. The natural science notes contain matter of considerable interest concerning the innocuous nature of copper and its salts, and the comparatively slight importance now attached by medical men to the pulse as testing the condition of the patient and forming a diagnosis of his disease; also some statistics respecting the occurrence of accidents from lightning, mentioning the kind of trees and the description of objects which most frequently attract the electric fluid.

The Glories of Divine Grace. A free rendering of the original treatise of P. EUSEBIUS NIERENBERG, S.J., by Dr. M. J. SCHEEBEN. Translated from the fourth revised German Edition, by a Benedictine Monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Ind., with the consent of the Author and the permission of the Superior. 12mo, cloth, 6s. net.

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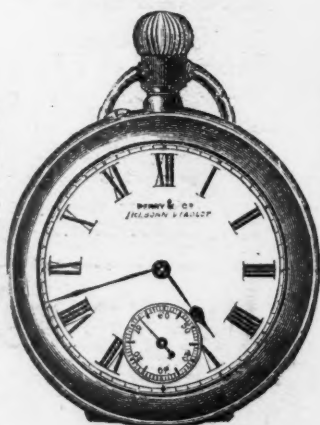
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